TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

VOL. XLIX. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1881. NO. 30

NASBY IN EXILE.

The Confederate X Roads Sage in Europe.

*Copyright, 1881, by D. R. Locke.

VI.

THE LONDON LAWYER.

London is probably the most expensive place to do business in the world. Its business men are conservative, so conservative that they would not for the world part their hair in any way differing from their fathers, nor would they adopt a modern convenience unless it was absolutely necessary to the maintenance of English supremacy, and they would sigh as they parted with an old nuisance for a modern delight. Their professions have all got into ruts from which you can no more move them than you can the Pyramids, and their practices are so established that they may and do do as they please, without regard to the notions of any body.

Their fondness for the ancient is illustrated in the fact that the proprietor of a famous chop house in a street just off the Strand, came to the foolish conclusion to re paper his premises, and brighten them up with kalsomine and so forth. He did it, and had a very comfortable looking place. But he lost his trade. His old customers were accustomed to the dingy walls, and the cobwebs, and all that, and they were frightened at the new, bright, smart place, and they sadly went elsewhere. In the interest of cleanliness I am glad to say that the enterprising man did not bankrupt, for a new one came in; but he lost all his old friends. They would not change. They had always eaten in dingy walls, and they always would.

A friend of mine, resident in London, required for a house, and of course the lease had to be transferred. Now in any country where a common school exists, almost anybody can assign a lease, but not so here. A solicitor had to be employed. Afterward a contract long enough to cover a sheet of note paper had to be drawn up. It was a very plain matter—50 words would have been sufficient. But a solicitor must be employed nevertheless. How much do you suppose it cost Mr. Foote to have this title of work done? As a matter of information to the American people and for the benefit of American lawyers, who are so modest in their charges, and I am now convinced that the majority of them are, I am going to the trouble to make a partial copy of the solicitor's bill, as it is a most interesting document than anything that I can write. Here it is:

W. R. FOOTE, ESQ.

TO

BLANK, BLANK, SOLICITOR.

Re Star of the West.

PRYOR TO YOURSELF.

	Pounds (£).	Shillings.	Pence.
Clerk attending at Messrs. Ingram's (Vendor's Solicitors,) for draft proposed contract		6	8
Perusing and considering and found same objectionable		6	8
Attending on Messrs. Ingram for contract		6	8
Drawing same, folios 39	1	11	6
Ingross up in two parts		13	0
Writing Messrs. Ingram with one part. Writing Mr. Chalker for schedule of fixtures to answer to contract		3	6
Note as to appointment for Monday		3	6
Drawing telegram and attending to forward and pay		7	6
Attending you and them at Messrs. Ingram, engaged a considerable time going through deed and documents, &c., and settling contracts and agreement		5	0
Writing you herewith, fully		6	8
Instructions for registration on title		6	8
Long ne same		12	0
Engrossing		4	0
Attending to deliver		3	6
Letter to your letter		3	6
Attending appointing conference		6	8
Attending conference, perusing papers, leases and covenants	1	10	0
Letter Dr. Thomson therewith		6	8
Fee to him and clerk	1	3	6
Said conference fee	1	6	0
Attending conference and cab hire		13	4
Letter to opinion	1	0	0
Writing you with copy Dr. Thomson's opinion		6	8
Taking copy of schedule and fixtures		5	6
Taking upon Messrs. Ingram with same		3	6
Further abstract	2	12	6
Writing with appointment to examine deeds with abstract		3	6
Attending examining deeds with abstract, self and clerk	2	2	0
Attending at Bankruptcy Liquidation proceedings of Arthur Coleman and paid		11	4

As this remarkable document extends over four and a half pages of foolscap paper I will not give it all. However there are some other charges worthy of being upon record. For instance this item:

Attending to your letter		3	6

And this:

Attending you long conference, and you with cheque for purchase money	13	4	
Writing him therewith		3	6
Attending appointing conference		3	6

The entire bill footed up forty-two pounds, fourteen shillings and ten pence, which, reduced to bird of freedom money, amounts to about $225.

And all this for transferring a lease from one party to another about which operation there couldn't be the slightest trouble, except as the two attorneys made it.

Doubtless the Messrs. Ingram and Dr. Thomson, whatever he had to do with it, put in a similar bill against their clients, so both sides had a very good thing of it.

But this was not all there was of it. It was necessary that Mr. Foote should like a little article of agreement with Mr. Welch, his manager, not that there was any especial need for it, but as a mere matter of form, as we say when we want a sure thing on somebody. The same alacrity was employed to do this, in fact he suggested it and did it before this bill was presented.

The bill for this service is precisely like the other. There are items for "attendance," for "preparing telegrams," for "writing self and clerk," for "instructions," and so on, the amounts charged for preparing an article of agreement being £8

The attorney's fees for the whole of this trifling piece of business footed up exactly £72, or $360.

"What do these items mean?" I asked Mr. Foote.

"Well, the items for attendance mean that I went to his office and told him in three minutes' time what I wanted, and he made minutes with a pencil."

"The clerk?"

"Oh they never go anywhere without a clerk. His business is to carry a green bag with nothing in it, and look like an umpire. All the writing of letters, for which he invariably charged three shillings and sixpence, were totally unnecessary, as they related to matters of which I had fully informed him at the beginning. But he was the most industrious letter writer I ever saw. And I would answer his letters like an Elliot, and he charged for replying to mine, and then he would write again and charge for that, and so on. And when he couldn't decently write another letter, he would telegraph me and charge for that, and—well, if I had taken two leases I shouldn't have been through till this time.

"Did you pay it?"

"Pay it? Of course I did. To have resisted would have been ruin. He would have sued me, and I should have had to have employed another attorney, and the case would have gone into the Courts, after about a thousand instructions, conferences, letters and telegrams, and clerks, and all that, from him—the same as this—and it would have dragged along, with more clerks, and letters, and telegrams, till the crack o' doom. Instead of bills of four pages I should have had bills of 40, and then there would have been money to be paid on account, and bail, and the Lord only knows what. A law suit in London means ruin to everybody but the lawyers and officers of the Court. And in the end I should have been compelled to pay it, for the Courts take care of the attorneys."

"And, after all, he only made the regular charges that every London lawyer does. Indeed, as he omitted twice to charge three and six pence for bidding me good-morning, I don't know but that he is rather liberal than otherwise. I think," said Mr. Foote, reflectively, "that three times he shook my hand, and I find no charge for that. On the whole, he is rather a liberal lawyer to do business with."

"Tell me all about him."

"He is one of about ten thousand lawyers in London who get a case like this, occasionally. He occupies "chambers," as they call their offices, and keeps a clerk, as they all have to, to ever expect any business, as a lawyer without a clerk would have no standing. The clerk spends most of his time eating ham sandwiches, having nothing else to do, except when his employer gets a man like myself on a string, on which occasion he follows him about carrying a bag which is supposed to contain papers of great moment. My lease was all that was in that bag for a month or more. He lives well all the time, for no matter how poor he may be, or how little business he has, he must live well for the sake of appearances. Finally he does get the management of a good estate, and is fixed for life. An Englishman reposes confidence in his solicitor, and would no more think of disputing a charge made by him than he would of heading a rebellion. They are doubtless a very nice lot, but the less I have to do with them the better. A little of them go a long way. Dispute his bill, not I. I don't want to make England a permanent residence, for I hope to get back to America some time, and a law suit here would keep me all my life, that is, provided I had money enough to pay fees and costs. They would hold on to you as long as you had a penny."

That Mr. Foote did NOT exaggerate, I know. Had I supposed he had been exaggerating I should not have written this. But I copied this bill from the original, which was receipted by the attorney, who, doubtless, sighed as he wrote his name, that some mistake had not occurred which made litigation necessary.

SOME NOTES AS TO THE INVESTMENT OF BRITISH CAPITAL.

It is a very common remark that Americans love to be humbugged. Perhaps they do, but their English cousins can give them points in this desire. The ease with which adventurers and bogus schemers get their claws into English money-bags, is something astounding. Perhaps it is because the nation has so much money that it don't know what to do with it, or possibly because the Englishman is naturally credulous, but it is a fact that London is the paradise of the sharper, and the pleasant pasture for the bogus speculator.

There are several reasons for it. Interest is very low in England, and for the man who desires to live "like a gentleman" the temptation to increase the rate is very strong. Then again there is an immense amount of capital lying idle and seeking investment, and the man who has just enough money at three per cent. to live upon very closely, is always anxious to increase his income by making it six. And the Englishman who has a strong sense of mercantile honor, naturally has more faith than the inhabitant of a country where the standard of honor is lower, and men are, by habit, more cautious of believing

The papers of London are filled with prospectuses of companies organized for developing something in all parts of the world, and these prospectuses are so written that they would deceive the very elect.

The principal point is to get a board with a great many lords, dukes, esquires, and all that sort of thing on it, the average Englishman not seeming to realize that there are a good many of these gentry who are as impecunious as anybody else, and who would do a piece of rogueery for enough to live upon comfortably upon the Continent, as readily as the commonest sharper in the world. The baronet has a stomach to fill and a back to cover the same as the costermonger. In this, all humanity stands upon an equality.

Before me lies a respectable paper of which the pages are filled with glowing advertisements of projected companies. The first is for the "Acquiring and further developing the well known so-and-so gold mine," in Venezuela.

It begins with the Board of Directors, not one of whom are less in degree than an Esquire, and several "Sirs" figure in it. Then comes the banker—nothing in London is complete without a banker—then solicitors, then brokers. After this elaborate outfit, all of which looks as solvent and sound as the Bank of England, comes a glowing prospectus.

Nothing can be finer than this prospectus. "The property proposed to be acquired consists of 659 acres, which contain the most of the noted Caillan gold mines. The vein has been traced on the surface for a distance of 1,900 feet," and so on. Then comes a very complete table showing the profit that *has been* made, mining in Venezuela, and after this a statement from "Mr. Geo. Atwood, A. M. Inst., C. E., F. G. S., etc., etc.," A. M. Inst., C. E., F. G. S., etc., etc., —it would not be complete without all these initials, even to the &c., the &c. showing that as learned as he is there is more behind him,—who makes a statement as to the probable profits of the enterprise, all of which are as good as anybody could desire. The estimated profits are set down at 30 per cent. on the investment.

The capital wanted is $2,500,000, in shares of $5 each. You are asked to pay the moderate sum of 62 cents on application which is modest enough, and the balance of the $5 you pay as the work goes on.

What could be better than this? Here is a man with some money bearing three per cent., and here is a proposition to give him 20 per cent. There are "Honorables," and "Sirs," and "Esquires" on the board, and Mr. Atwood, F. R. S., and all the rest of it, shows that 20 per cent. has been made in Venzuela. Why should not the man convert some of his beggarly three per cents. into cash and take a shy at it, as Wall street would say, and sets up his carriage on the profits? True, he don't know one of the Sirs or Honorables, and Atwood, F. R. S., etc., is quite as unknown to him, but he has faith and he does it. And then the advertisements! They cover half a page in each paper in London, and that costs an immense sum, and were there not something in it how could they make that vast expenditure?

He takes it, never dreaming that the speculators who pay for these advertisements, do it for the purpose of catching just such gudgeons as he is, knowing, for they know human nature, that such modest announcements as are made for really solid investments, would not catch him at all.

There are companies for supplying London with fish, all of them with like Boards of Directors, and all promising from 10 to 20 per cent. profit, not one of them with less than $2,500,000 capital, in shares of $5 each. Now there is no City in the world so well supplied with fish as London, in fact the supply is far beyond the demand, and there is no City which has cheaper sea food. There being innumerable private firms in the business, and there being fish markets everywhere, it would be supposed that a man of fair intelligence would question the possibility of any new company being able to compete in the business profitably. But, as in the mining companies, the array of names, and the deliciously worded prospectus, are hooks that never fail to catch. It is not the fish in the sea that these fellows are after.

There are only specimen bricks. There are companies for the development of iron mines, of tin mines, of copper mines, and all other kinds of mines in England, Spain, Algeria, India, and everywhere under the sun, companies who propose to buy vast tracts of land in Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Colorado, New Mexico, and everywhere else, each with its Board of Noblemen, its bankers and solicitors.

The American sharpers who have mines in Colorado and Nevada have reaped a rich harvest. The City is full of them. You shall see about the points where Americans most do congregate, sharp faced fellows, dressed very seedily, whose trowsers are chewed off at the heel, and whose coats bear unmistakable evidence of having passed through the renovator's hands a great many times, and would again if their proprietors only had the one and nine pence necessary, or had another to wear while it was being done, the said coats buttoned very closely to the throat, so closely, that a cheap scarf conceals the condition of the shirt beneath, if happily there be one, standing listlessly, as if waiting for some one who will never come.

They know you to be an American at once, and one introduces himself, claiming to have seen you in the States.

"What are you doing here?" is your first inquiry, which is regular.

"Oh, I have been here a year. I came over to place a mine I own in Nevada."

"How are you getting on?"

"Splendid! I just sold the half of it for $500,000. I ought to have got more for it, but I am tired of waiting, and want to get home, and so I let it go. $500,000 is a good sum, and then I retain a half interest in it. It will make me all the money I shall ever want. By the way have you met any of the nobility? No? I shall be glad to introduce you to the Duke of Buccleugh. I am going down to his country seat to-morrow. He is interested with me, and he's a devilish clever fellow."

You plead a prior engagement if you are wise, but you have not seen the last of your American friend who has just sold the half of a mine for $500,000. Oh, no! For the next day he will be waiting for you, and he will volunteer to go about with you in so persistent a way that you cannot refuse without being brutally blunt, and after taking you to all sorts of show places which are open to anybody, and which you want no guide for, he will establish himself in such a way as to make you feel, whether or no, that he has some claim upon you.

Then comes the final stroke. As you part with him, he will take you one side, and then this:—

"By the way, I am waiting for the final drawing of papers to complete the sale, when I get my money. I have been here so long that I have exhausted my ready money, and my remittances did not come by the last steamer, but they must come by the next, which will be Saturday. Would you mind lending me five pounds till Saturday?"

You have but little pocket-money, you say.

"An order on the American Exchange will do as well."

You never give orders.

He lowers his wants till, finally, when he gets down to five shillings you give it him, glad to be rid of him at so cheap a rate.

Nevertheless this fellow will finally sell his mine, or his alleged mine. All he has to do is to wait long enough and he will find some credulous Englishman who will bite at the naked hook, and put his name and influence to it, and it will be done. Then he will go home and establish himself in good style, and be a considerable of a man.

But what becomes of the English investors? Echo answers. It is a conundrum that goes echoing down the ages, and will only be answered in that period of the next world when everthing shall be made plain. The poor widow who put her little pittance in the hands of these sharks, doubtless started a private school, if she was qualified for it, or made use of her one accomplishment, be it painting, music or what not, to earn a miserable existence. The poor clerk who was saving to purchase a home of his own, went back to his lodgings, and put his nose freshly upon the grind stone, and the young tradesman went into bankruptcy, and his shop passed out of his hands; and he served where he had once commanded. And the shark, if an English one, shelters himself behind his assumed name, or goes to the Continent, and lives in luxury all his days.

Inasmuch as these things have been going on ever since the South Sea bubble it would seem that people would get wiser, and know better than to put their all in such wild-cat schemes. But bear this in mind, the loser never admits that he lost in so stupid a way, and his fellows are never fully informed about it, and besides there are children born every day, and a certain per centage of them are born with teeth, and the rest with fat. The teeth find the fat, the shark finds the gudgeon invariably. That's his business. When I read these prospectuses, I find myself getting up a great deal of respect for the old barons who, when they wanted money, seized a rich Jew and starved him a while in a dungeon, and if that gentle treatment did not suffice to extract the requisite cash, pulled out his teeth, one by one, till he disgorged. In those days a venerable Jew whose teeth were all gone was as fortunate as the man caught by the Indians who was bald and wore a wig—he saved his scalp. But in place of pulling teeth, they had other means of torture, and they always got the money.

These ancient robbers did not add grandiloquent lying to theft. It was with them a simple taking of what they wanted without circumlocution. It was highway robbery to picking pockets, and was certainly the preferable of the two.

Were I an Emperor, with absolute power, I should immediately discharge the honest soldier, who would work for a living were he out of the service, and draft in the army all these fellows. And the regiments composed of them should lead every forlorn hope, charge every battery, and do all the dangerous and fatiguing work that soldiers have to do. A country could afford to lose a great many bottles to rid itself of these worse than thieves.

Do you remember Dickens' Montagu Tigg in Martin Chezzlewit? I used to think it an overdrawn picture, but it is not. It is as correct a portrait as was ever limned.

THE PATENT MEDICINE TRADE.

America has been deemed the paradise of the quack, but before England she must pale her ineffectual fires. Next to beer, patent medicines stare you in the face everywhere. The walls fairly shine with the advertisements of remedies for every disease known to the faculty, and when that supply runs out the ingenious proprietor invents a stock of new ailments, that never did exist, and inasmuch as the least of them are six syllabled ones, it is to be hoped never will.

There are medicines for the liver, for the kidneys, for the lungs, for the feet, for the head, for the ears, for the eyes, for the scalp, for the hair, and for every part and parcel of the human body, and for every animal that man has subjugated and brought subservient to his will. There are certificates from Lords, and Dukes, and Honorables, as to the efficiency of Dobson's Vermifuge, though in this case it was always a tenant's child that was cured, the scion of a noble house being of too blue blood to ever have so vulgar a complaint. In case of gout, or any genuinely aristocratic ailment, they are not so particular.

The advertisement of every remedy ends with the announcement:—

"As there are unprincipled parties in the kingdom who seize upon every article of known merit, to imitate the same, the purchaser of Hobson's remedies are respectfully requested to particularly observe the label on the bottles. The name of "Hobson" is printed on the the steel engraving, on the face of the bottle 1,463 times, and without this none are genuine. Beware of fraudulent imitations."

And the British dame will stand at the druggist's counter and count the wearing repetition, much to the disgust of the shop man, who, knowing that the remedy is only three days old, and that there are no imitations and never will be, wants her to take her bottle of the stuff and move on and make room for another victim.

Their ingenuity in advertising is as good as that of their trans-Atlantic brethren. You see vast vans driven slowly up and down the streets, built up 20 feet with canvass, showing an emaciated mortal, with scarcely an hour of life in him, with the legend underneath "Before taking Gobson's Elixir," and the same party dressed, and walking the streets with the physical perfection of a prize fighter, and underneath, "After taking Gobson's Elixir." Transparencies at night flash forth the miraculous virtues of "Hopkin's Saline Draught," and there isn't an inch of deadwall anywhere that has not its burden of announcements. Long processions of ragged men, the most of them too old and weak to do anything else, march along the sidewalks sandwiched between two boards, each one bearing testimony to the virtues of some wonderful compound, there being enough of them to weary the eye and make one wish he were somewhere where advertising was impossible.

One of these human sandwiches remarked to me that the boards were a little uncomfortable in the Summer, but the two made a mighty good overcoat in the Winter.

And as if there was not enough of it already, an enterprising Yankee is here with a steam whale, 90 feet long, spouting water 60 feet high, the machinery and crew concealed in the boat on which it rests, which is to ply up and down the beautiful Thames, bearing upon either side the announcement of a liver pill. The proprietor gives him $10,000 for the use of it for the season, and bears all the expenses of running it. It is very like a whale, and as it attracts much attention will doubtless pay a handsome profit to the man by whom it has been engaged.

The papers are of course full of them, the only difference between England and America being that the advertisements here are more elegantly written, and couched in really superior English, which ours are not always. The English shoemaker who turns doctor, employs the best literary talent at command to write his announcements, and he pays more liberally than the magazines do the same men. Many a London writer, struggling for fame, and a place in literature makes a handsome addition to his slender income by going into the service of these patent medicine vendors.

Nearly all of them succeed. The British public are a medicine-taking people by nature. There are not many diseases upon the island naturally, but the inhabitants create a very large number by their habits. The universal use of beer—and vile stuff it is—is not conducive of general health, and the Englishman is about the heartiest eater on the globe. He is more than hearty—he verges very closely upon the gluttonous. Consequently he needs medicines, and the manufacturers adapt themselves to the market. There are more than a thousand "after dinner pills," warranted to correct all the effect of "over-indulgence at the table," which means that it will do something toward keeping up a man who eats about four times what he ought to, and drinks enough every year to drive an American or Frenchman into delirium tremens.

The market for these goods is world-wide, and enormous fortunes are amassed. I must say, however, that the trade is not in the best repute. Many brewers have been knighted, but no patent medicine man. In the matter of ennobling people the line must be drawn somewhere. Dickens' barber drew it at the baker—the English draw it at the brewer.

RICHMOND.

Four weeks in London! Twenty eight days of incessant sight seeing. A series of continual surprises day after day, from early in the morning until late at night; a constant succession of new things of interest crowded upon one, forced upon one, until at length the senses weary, the mind refuses to take in any more, and imperatively cries out for a change, for rest. The body is exhausted. The dull, dense atmosphere is enervating. A night's sleep gives no refreshment. One rises in the morning by sheer force of will power, with a feeling that it would be a delight, pure and simple, to go back to bed and sleep five or six hours longer, and when he does finally dress and go out on the street he has no more ambition, nor inclination to do anything or go anywhere or see anything, than as if there were nothing to do, nowhere to go, nor anything to see. That is exactly what he is here for, and partly on that account and partly from force of habit he goes on the everlasting treadmill of sight seeing, until the very name of London is odious, and he never ending throng of people hurrying along in the pursuit of pleasure or business, that, at first, was such a novel and interesting study, becomes distasteful to a degree, and he wishes he were home again or in some vast wilderness, or—anywhere, away from the narrow, crowded streets of high wall, and old-fashioned buildings, that stifle all his energies and tire his very nature.

So it seemed—so it really was after four weeks stay in London, when one forenoon a trip down to Richmond, 12 miles away, was suggested. The suggestion was acted upon with alacrity, and half an hour's ride produced a change such as one sees in the transformation scenes of a pantomime. Vanished the dull heavy air, gone all the queer old buildings with their still queerer old people, hushed the noise and bustle of the streets, with their never ceasing turmoil of struggling humanity and ever-rolling 'ansoms, and instead a bright blue sky with a glorious flood of sunlight, its fierceness tempered by a gentle breeze, cool and delicious that was breathing through the grand old oaks, and stirred with gentle ripple the placid bosom of the Thames, which wanders like a ribbon of silver through the wonderful meadows and dales of the beautiful country that makes Richmond seem like a paradise.

The first feeling was one of relief—that the terrors of London had been left far behind; and there was light and air and happiness again. Then this gave way to exultation. The pure air intoxicated, the green trees, the velvety turf, the warbling of the birds, after four long, dreary weeks in London, caused the head to throb with new life, the blood to course through the veins with new strength, and there came an almost irresistible desire to throw up one's hands and shout for very gladness. It was almost too good to be real, and once in a while one really stopped to think whether or not he would suddenly awaken and find himself in dingy, smoky London.

But no. It was all real. The pure air was there, the sunlight, the breeze, the green turf, the magnificent trees, centuries old. All, all were there, and the day was to be one of unalloyed pleasure and happiness. God made the country—man made town!

In all truth Richmond is a most charming place. Only 12 miles from the metropolis, and in reality one of its many suburbs, it nestles among the hills and looks off upon a broad expense of field and meadow and forest, as though there were no such place as London in existence. It is not a commercial City, although of course it has its quota of shops. It is a residence City—or as they call it—Town, for although it has a population of 100,000, there is no cathedral, so it cannot aspire to the dignity of being a City. The Town is made up in great part of families whose members do business "in the City," and they live in a quiet elegance, in beautiful homes, that is the ideal suburban existence.

But aside from the quaint beauty of the town itself its chiefest perfection is in its environs. A few minutes' walk from the heart of the town is that famous hostelry known the world over, "The Star and Garter," where, in olden times, royalty disported itself under its moss covered roof in grand entertainments lasting for days at a time. For generations it was the resort of nobles, and then when they tired of it, the gentry imitating them as far as they were able, took it up and basked in the mellow light of its former grandeur, which has long since departed, it having become unfashionable.

Gay old times these noble roysterers used to have in this beautiful spot. The wines of the South, actually cob webbed and dusty, flowed like water, and the most delicious food brought from the forests and seas of all climes graced the board. It was no trouble to them. They had no occasion to count expense as the people who go there now have to. For they had their tenants working for them at home, and they had their armies and fleets bringing them wealth from everywhere, and they could afford to eat, drink and be merry, and they did it all.

To be a King in those days was a very comfortable thing, except when some sturdy commoner like Cromwell, tired of all this, and cut off a head. Opposed as I am to royalty and nobility, and all that sort of thing, had I lived in those days I should very much liked to have been even a Duke. It wasn't a bad situation, at all.

It is no wonder that the Star and Garter, was a great favorite, and is yet in its way, for it is most beautifully situated. Standing in its broad verandahs there is a rural panorama spread out that is simply superb. Near at hand is the Park, filled with gnarled old trees, under whose branches hundreds of years ago haughty ladies and imperious lords indulged in courtly pleasures, or engaged in intrigues where the nobles amused themselves in hunting the wild deer that ranged across its commons; where the flower of the youth of the country met in fierce tournaments, with all the pride and pomp of the time. Just below the cliff is the Thames, placid and serene, that winds in and out the wooded lands in graceful curves, while beyond rising not boldly and grandly, but none the less effectually, are green hills, dotted here and there with clumps of beautiful oaks, pines, oaks and valleys that give us a view miles in extent. Over all this picture, to which no pen can do justice, is that marvelous atmospheric effect that can only be found in an English woodland scene. Not a mist, and yet a delicate haze, soft and subdued that tones down the broad effects and gives the whole a perfection that is enchanting. One can stand, as before a magnificent painting, gazing for hours upon the scene and find new features every instant.

And then the long walk through the park, itself a marvel of the picturesque. Along winding paths, over rustic hedges, resting here under the cooling shade of a huge chestnut, whose branches cover a vast extent of ground, stopping anon to admire the graceful deer that gaze timidly and yet curiously at the passer by, as though wondering why he should trespass upon their domain. For a whole hour there was a continual revelation of natural beauties and then suddenly the old town of Kingston was entered.

Here the streets were narrow, the houses low and old-fashioned, and the people quiet going English, who have lived in the same place where their fathers lived before them and their's before them.

Passing the cattle market, which is about the only live business of Kingston, a large square stone surrounded by an iron railing attracts attention. Examination shows it to be the identical stone upon which sat the ancient Saxon Kings, when they were crowned. There was nothing particularly peculiar about the stone, but of course it would not have done to have gone by without at least casting a glance at the relic of so long ago. Possibly the proper thing to do was to uncover, and drop a tear as the memories of the glorious scenes thereon enacted went trooping through the mind. Possibly it would have been the thing to sit on the queer old stone and imagine the space around filled with warlike chiefs and outlandishly arrayed ladies of the Court, and indulge in a day dream of the times when such things occurred. Possibly this may have been the thing to do, but it wasn't done, and for good reasons, too. Even if one had had the inclination to act in such an orthodox, sight-seeing manner, which is much doubted, there was a high iron railing with sharp pointed iron palings that would have effectually kept the greatest enthusiast outside the sacred enclosure.

Passing on through the Town, the long walk begins to tell upon one's powers of endurance, so a rest is taken at "Bond's." Who has not heard of Bond's, the great resort of boating parties on the Thames? It is noted all over England, and it's fame has spread even to America. A pleasant Summer garden, with trees and plants and flowers, gravelly walks and rustic arbors, on a high terrace, at the bottom of which the limpid stream glides smoothly along, while beyond as far as the eye can reach, is the beautiful scenery that seems almost like fairy land. What better place can be imagined for a lunch—a biscuit and a bit of cheese, washed down with a pint of refreshing "shandygaff." One could drink the bad beer of the country there. It is truly delightful. And then a quiet smoke the light clouds curling upward in an atmosphere as pure and clear as the air of life; there as pure and clear as the air of life; where all that is poetic in one's nature is appealed to by the beauty of the scene, the sense of delicious comfort, and the faint music of distant boating parties, who, singing as they row, make a harmony that intensifies the pleasure of the hour and makes one almost wish that this most perfect day might go on forever.

But still a greater treat is in store. A ride back to Richmond on the water, rowed by a brawny waterman, who does, as a matter of business, exactly the same thing that so many of the "swells" who are seen skimming past in their graceful single sculls are doing for pleasure

"Why," said I to the waterman, "do you make us pay for doing what those men do for nothing?"

"Ah!" was his reply, "'spose they 'ad to."

Philosophic waterman! Whether any given exercise is pleasure or pain depends very much whether one "has to." The London jarvey drives a four in hand for £1 a week, and Lord Tom Noddy does precisely the same thing for the fun of it. One has to, and the other hasn't, and there's the difference

By this time the river is full of pleasure crafts. Here comes an eight oared shell, whizzing along at a rattling pace, the little coxwain urging the crew on to still greater efforts as he skilfully guides the long, slender boat through the multitude of pleasure barges and skiffs. Over there is a trim craft gliding along lazily, a pair of brawny arms just moving the oars while a pair of honest manly eyes are speaking in unmistakable language to a fair-haired girl who is reclining in the stern, idly tossing the tassels to the rudder strings, as if she didn't care about what was being said, even though the swift glances from under her broad trimmed hat and the mantling crimson on her cheek tell an entirely different tale

Just beyond is a boat, large and roomy, in which five young ladies are enjoying the pleasure of the hour. While four of them pull strong and gracefully the fifth steers the rapidly moving lapstreak with a skill and precision that shows a master hand. These English girls may be laughed at by their more delicate American cousins, but in the matter of health and strength they are the ones to laugh. They believe in plenty of exercise in the open air, and they take it, as, for example, these girls, beautiful as a picture, who row as perfectly and in as good "form" as though they had always been on the water. See the perfection of their development, the ruddy glow of health in their cheeks, the merry sparkle of the eye, the gladness in their hearty laugh and then talk about the uselessness of out door exercise.

Every stroke of the oar as the boat speeds merrily down the river, reveals a new picture, each one as perfect in its completeness as that which preceded it.

On the left bank are the country seats of gentlemen of means. They are for the most part odd-looking old places with their angular towers and turrets, and bowed windows long and narrow. The lawns sloping gradually from the house down to the water's edge are perfectly smooth, and ornamented with clustering chestnuts and laburnums, elms and lindens and the green foliaged birch, while the green hedges, wonderfully well kept, add to the general effect of the scene. The river winds in and out among all the charming places, for seven miles, and the Town of Richmond is seen far off in the distance.

As the river makes a sudden bend there appears still another picture, the masterpiece of the series that has delighted the senses for the last two hours. There on the bluff stands the picturesque "Star and Garter," with its background of foliage. Just below is a portion of an old stone bridge across the Thames, while to the left the beautiful landscape stretches away to the distant hills, whose summits are lost in the purple haze of the closing day. It is a sight never to be forgotten; one that will linger ever upon the memory as a revelation of the absolutely beautiful in nature.

A delightful dinner with the family of a dear friend valued years ago in America, an evening of rare pleasure at his pleasant home, making the day perfect, and then——back to London again. But the memories of the day will never fade. They can never be taken away, and will give pleasure long after these shores are left forever.

AN OLD FRIEND.

I met my old steamer friend Tibbitts Lemuel, of Oshkosh, yesterday. He had been traveling in the North of England, and tiring of the smaller Cities and the country, had returned to London to "do it." He was rather puffy in the cheeks and rather bleary about the eyes, which shows a season of not altogether strict adherence to the precepts of Father Matthew. He was overjoyed at seeing me, as men always are at seeing anybody of whom they want something. He was in trouble.

"Look here," said Lemuel, "you are a good fellow, now, and I know you will help me out. You see I came over for improvement and experience, and to enlarge my mind, and all that sort of thing, and the old gentleman insisted that I should keep a diary, and note down *my* impressions of scenery, and industries, and modes of living, and all that, and send it to him regularly, and I *must* do it or he will cut off the supplies and bring me home."

"Well, that is easy enough. You have done it? You have kept a diary?"

"Y-e-s, a sort of a diary. You see there were four of us in the party, devilish good fellows, one from Chicago and two from New York, and we went to a lot of places, and saw a great deal, and I wrote in my memorandum book every day, but it was certainly the last thing I did before going to bed, about four o'clock in the morning or a little later. What the old gentleman wanted was not only an account of all this rot, but *my* impressions of the places, to develop me. You understand?"

"Yes, and a good idea it is. Did you write down your impressions of the places you visited?"

"Well, yes; but I am afraid they won't satisfy father. He is mighty particular and awful sharp."

"Will you let me see your memorandem book?"

He handed it to me, and these are some of the entries, which were, no doubt, written at four in the morning, the last thing before getting into bed. And they were, unquestionably, *his* impressions. I select a few at random, these few being excellent samples of the whole lot:

LEEDS—Manufacturing City—Beer very bad—Scotch whisky tolerable, though I never liked it cold.

BIRMINGHAM—Manufacturing City—Beer bad—Not equal to our lager—No good beer in England. Stout rather better—Went in on Stout.

MANCHESTER—Good bottle beer—Draft beer bad—All draft—(This sentence was not finished, probably for reasons. He explained that that night he slept in his boots.)

BIRMINGHAM.—Manufacturing City—found some genuine American bourbon and went for it. It was refreshing as a reminder at home. Don't know about the beer. There's no place like home.

NOTTINGHAM.—Don't know what the people do—a great many of them—beer bad as usual. Guinness' stout in bottles fairish. Wish—

(Another unfinished sentence, explained as before.)

And so on. I told Lemuel that it certainly would not do to send these impressions to his father, as evidently he observed only one side of English life, that he taken his observations through a glass darkly, but that I really hadn't the time to write up a set for him, especially as I had not visited those places myself.

"But what am I to do?"

Advising him to procure a good guide-book, and remain sober for a week and get to work, we parted.

There are a great many Lemuels getting similar impressions of Europe—a great many, I may say altogether too many.

SUPPORTING THE GUNS.

Scene on a Battlefield—Carnage and Glory—Or Is It Plain Murder?

San Francisco Argonaut.

Did you ever see a battery take position?

It hasn't the thrill of a cavalry charge, nor the grimness of a line of bayonets moving slowly and determinedly on; but there is a peculiar excitement about it that makes old veterans rise in their saddles and cheer.

We have been fighting at the edge of the woods. Every cartridge box has been emptied once more; one fourth of the brigade has melted away in dead and wounded and missing. Not a cheer is heard in the whole brigade. We know that we are being driven foot by foot, and that when we break back once more the line will go to pieces, and the enemy will break through the gap.

Here comes help!

Down the crowded highway gallops a battery withdrawn from some other position to save ours. The field fence is scattered while you could count 30, and the guns rush for the hills behind us. Six horses to a piece—three riders to a gun. Over dry ditches, where a driver would not drive his wagon, through clumps of bushes, over logs a foot thick, every horse on a gallop, every rider lashing his team and yelling—the sight behind makes us forget the foe in front. The guns jump two feet high as the heavy wheels strike rock or log, but not a horse slackens his pace, not a cannoneer loses his seat. Six guns, six caissons, 60 horses, 80 men, race for the brow of the hill as if he who reached it first would be knighted.

A moment ago the battery was a confused mob. We look again, and the six guns are in position, the detached horses hurrying away, the ammunition chests open, and along our lines runs the command: "Give them one more volley and fall back to support the guns." We have scarcely obeyed, when boom! boom! opens the battery, and jets of fire jump down and scorch the green trees under which we fought and despaired.

The shattered old brigade has a chance to breathe for the first time in three hours, as we form a line and lie down. What grim, cool fellows those cannoneers are! Every man is a perfect machine. Bullets splash dust into their faces, but they do not wince. Bullets sing over and around; they do not dodge. There goes one to the earth.

SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD

as he sponged his gun. The machinery loses just one best, misses just one cog in the wheel, and then works away again as before.

Every gun is using short-fuse shell. The ground shakes and trembles, the rear shuts out all sounds from a battle line three miles long, and the shells go shrieking into the swamp to cut the trees short off, to mow great gaps in the bushes, to hunt out and shatter and mangle men until their corpses cannot be recognized as human. You would think a tornado was howling through the forest, followed by billows of fire, and yet men live through it—aye press forward to capture the battery. We can hear their shouts as they form for the rush.

Now the shells are changed for grape and canister, and the guns are fired so fast that all reports blend in one mighty roar. The shriek of a shell is the wickedest sound in war, but nothing makes the flesh crawl like demoniac singing, purring, whistling grape shot and the serpent like hiss of canister. Men's legs and heads are torn from bodies, and bodies cut in two. A round shot or shell takes two men out of the rank as it crashes through. Grape and canister mow a swath, and pile the dead on top of each other.

Through the smoke we see a swarm of men. It is not a battle-line but a mob of men desperate enough to bury their bayonets in the flame of guns. The guns leap from the ground, almost as they are depressed on the foe, and shrieks, and screams, and shouts blend into one awful and steady cry. Twenty men on the battery are down, and the firing is interrupted. The foe accept it as a sign of wavering, and come rushing on. They are not 10 feet away when the guns give them a last shot. That discharge picks living men off their feet and throws them into the swamp, a blackened, bloody mass.

Up now, as the enemy are among the guns. There is a silence of 10 seconds and then the flash and roar of more than 3,000 muskets and a rush forward with bayonets. For what? Neither on the right nor left, nor in front of a living foe! There are corpses around us which have been struck by two or three, four and even six bullets, and nowhere on this acre of ground is a wounded man. The wheels of the guns cannot move until the blockade of dead is removed. Men cannot pass from caisson to gun without climbing over winrows of dead. Every gun and wheel is smeared with blood; every foot of grass has its horrible stain.

Historians write of the glory of war. Burial parties saw murder where historians saw glory.

Shapes of Metal Axes.

Ancient Bronze Implements, John Evans.

When first bronze came into use it must have been extremely scarce and valuable, and to cast an axe

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubr's.

TOLEDO THURSDAY, JULY 21 1881

GUS CHEAP BOOKS.

It was our intention to withdraw all announcements of cheap books in the BLADE, but such seems to be the demand, that we believe a small list of books for Summer reading will be appreciated by the readers. We therefore select those which are rare bargains in price, and endorse them by saying they are the cheapest ever offered to the reading public, and well adapted to the season. We send all books postpaid by mail.

The greatest bargain is in the two works, "Bible Biography" and "Struggles of Nasby," both of which have been described in these columns as very fine, large illustrated volumes, made expressly for the subscription trade. The regular price of these books are $3, but we send them post-paid for $1.25. We have but a very few copies of the "Struggles of Nasby" unsold.

The following cloth bound popular $1.75 novels we are mailing post-paid for 50 cts.: "Lady Lenora," "All for Him," "All for Him" "Conqueror," "Peerless Cathleen," "St. Peter's Bride," "Vesta Van," and "The Spinster Papers," "Errors," "House Hermetics," "Lily of San Miniato," "Home Hits and Hints," "Richard Vandermark," "Bittersweet," "Innocents from Abroad," "A Woman in the Case," "Ghim's Dream," "Another Man's Wife," "Billy Darrell" and "Lod Astray."

The following cloth bound books we are mailing post-paid for 25 cts.: "He or I," a story of the East; "That Comic Primer," a humorous primer; "That Bridget of Ours," a novel; "Rice's Poems," a book of poems; "Annals of a Baby," a story; "Me," a story; "Tim's Wife," a story; "Our Artist in Spain and Cuba," comic illustrations of travel; "That Charming Evening," a book of evening games and pastimes; "Dental Economy," a treatise on the teeth.

The following are bargains, post-paid, by mail: "Tourist's Guide in Great Britain," 75 cents; "Great and Eccentric Characters," $1.50; "Baron Munchausen," 75 cents; "Smith's Bible Dictionary," a large edition, $2.50; "Geological Sketches," 50 cents; "Gulliver's Travels," 50 cents; "War Tigers and White Elephant," 75 cents; "Good Things," an illustrated book for children, $1.25, and "Shakspere," 55 cents.

NASBY PAMPHLETS.

Nasby as a Ranker, by Nasby.
The Demoralists, by Nasby.
The Demoralists John Bunyan, by Nasby.
Sent by mail for 10 cents each.
Diary of an Office Seeker, 15 cents.
Or the three pamphlets, 30 cents.
For any of the above books, address

THE BLADE,
Toledo, O.

FOR THE LADIES.

Parasols to be stylish must have a pompon of feathers or a bunch of roses on top.

There is a revival of black and white striped silks for paris of costume for underskirts.

Lady Burdett-Coutts goes with her husband on all his trips and seems to enjoy life with new zest.

Panama straw hats, with the brim faced with white surah and trimmed with white pompons, are very pretty.

Obelisk hats are trimmed profusely around the crown with long, rich, heavy ostrich plumes. The hat has a tall, tapering crown and a wide brim.

A popular style in millinery is to line the brims of hats and bonnets underneath with dark colored velvet, so that the face of the wearer appears to be in a frame.

Rosa Bonheur, the artist, is 59 years old, and is in superb health. She looks much younger than her age, and wears her hair cut short and parted at the side. It is growing gray, but is luxuriant and beautiful.

Vassar has one smart girl who will in the hereafter be heard of in women's rights societies. She described "straw" as being a hollow thing with a 10-cent man on one end of it and a 50 cent drink on the other end.

The Buffalo *Express* gently chides a Buffalo bride who got married in a pair of stockings valued at $150. One hundred and forty-nine dollars' worth of bonnet and $1 worth of stockings would have made more show.

A fancy for pink bonnets, or a combination of pink and blue, is exhibited this season. One of pink Mirecourt lace is garnished with crushed blush roses, and another of crepe de chine, drawn in diamonds, is shaded and decorated with pale pink apple blossoms.

The favorite materials for traveling costumes are the Summer damels. They are made in very simple styles with almost plain skirts, with little or no drapery and very little trimming. They should have very handsome buttons.

A new caprice in fashion is a sunshade in black straw, regular Dunstable plait, made in a single piece and shaped at the edge for each division. When closed it sits in flutes, slightly confined by a band of black velvet ribbon, matching the top not, with which is tied a tuft of scarlet geraniums.

There never yet, however well defended,
Was maiden's heart, but love could enter there.
There never yet, however well intended,
Was bath house cutter quite devoid of hair.

One of the public squares of New Orleans has been named Thompson square, in recognition of the munificence of Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, of New York, in connection with the creation of the National Board of Health for the prevention of epidemics in Southern Cities.

Gray chip bonnets embroidered in steel, with gray lace and shaded pansies powdered with steel dust; black chip with loops of black or gold braid hopping all over the crown and brim edge, with black lace strings and clusters of deep pink; old fashioned cabbage roses are now in the hight of popularity.

The finest floors are seen in Russia. For these of the highest grade tropical woods are exclusively employed. The mosaic wood floors are of extraordinary beauty. Fir and pine are never used, as in consequence of their sticky character they attract and retain dust and dirt, and thereby soon become blackened.

A scheme has been broached at Winchester, Mass., to cover a tract of land with handsome residences in which will be no kitchen or cooks. The cooking is all to be done in a central building, where each family can have its own dining room if desired. The experiment is to be made on a large scale.

The new esthetic fashion, the "utterly too" and all that sort of thing, is not defended on the ground of economy, and there is something in that ground. A pine board floor, stained, with a few rugs dispersed about it, certainly costs less than a velvet carpet, and a wooden mantelpiece with a covering of plain stuff, is less expensive than a marble or malachite.

A Mexican at Los Vegas, New Mexico, tied his wife firmly to a board, leaned her two helpless children a few rods, took a position 50 feet away, and used her as a target for rifle practice. He did not hit her, his object being to frighten her by embedding the bullets in the board close to her head and body. She fainted under the frightful ordeal.

Ombre weddings are actually in order: that is, the bride wears of course the whitest of roses; and then, out of six bridesmaids, the smallest, or the youngest wears pale pink roses; and the tallest or the oldest wears the deepest crimson roses, while the four intermediates shade upward. This novel effect is repeated in flowers of other color and form.

London Letter: In Paris it is not considered *comme il faut* to cultivate balcony or window plants, a flower decked facade being one of the signs by which the abode of a *demi mondaine* may be known, while in London almost every house in Mayfair or Belgravia is gay with creeping plants, or bright geraniums, or softly shaded begonias, on the balcony or in the window jardinieres. As much as $25 a day is paid by some wealthy and fashionable ladies for the outside floral decorations of their houses, which are renewed with constant care and watchfulness.

Women are not so badly off in Turkey after all. A wife may abandon her husband's house for just cause, cannot be compelled to labor for her husband's support, can demand that he shall support her, and can borrow money in his name or sell his property if he refuses to furnish her with funds. It is a penal offense for him to insult or ill treat her; his oath is no better than hers on an accusation of infidelity, and whatever property she may have possessed before marriage continues to be her own so absolutely after marriage that her husband cannot touch it.

Mme. la Marquise Anconati Visconti, of Paris, has like M. Gambetta, a silver bath, but the bath of the President of the French Chamber cannot be compared with that of Mme. la Marquise. The water is spouted into the bath by a dolphin. By pressing his right eye you have warm water, and by pressing his left eye you have cold water. A slight pressure on his tongue empties the bath in a few seconds. The bathroom is splendid with painted glass windows and tapestries. The door is of lava, and also the walls.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Red Hugs, Roaches,

Rats, Mice, Ants, Flies, Vermin, mosquitoes, Insects etc., cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c boxes at druggists.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

WOMAN'S HAND-BOOK IN MODERN HOMES. By Constance Cary Harrison. With Numerous Illustrations and Five Colored Plates. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo. Price $2.

This is one of the most valuable works for women who are trying to do decorative work at home that has ever been published. Not expensive, and concise in matter and expression, it yet contains many hints and directions which will be of great assistance to those, who like pretty things in their homes and are obliged to depend upon their own handiwork to procure them. A careful study of the designs given for embroidery and painting, for curtains, screens, etc., would furnish ideas for charming house garnishing, which could be used most advantageously.

THE HOME GARDEN. By Ella Rodman Church. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price 60 cents.

HOME GROUNDS. By Alexander E. Oakey, Author of "Building a Home." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo. Price 60 cents.

The above are two more of Appleton's home books which have won such popularity, containing as they do so much useful information in a small compass. They are just what is needed in the direction of home adornment out of doors, being adapted to every day life and use. The forthcoming volumes will be looked for with interest.

THE OLD TESTAMENT IN THE JEWISH CHURCH. Twelve Lectures on Biblical Criticism. By W. Robertson Smith, M. A. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo. Price $1.75.

This series of lectures was delivered in Edinburgh and Glasgow, Scotland, by one who was well fitted for the task of Biblical criticism. His object was to prove that the histories contained in the Old Testament are real and vivid, and should be made one of the strongest evidences of Chasistianity. He is endeavoring to counteract the tendency of the age to treat that part of the Bible as unworthy of as careful and systematic study as the New Testament. The lectures are 12 in number and are worthy a careful reading.

THE NEW TESTAMENT OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOR JESUS CHRIST. Translated out of the Original Greek, and with the Former Translation Diligently Compared and Revised. Published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo.

This is what is called a comparative edition containing the authorized version or what is called the "King James Version" and the new revised version arranged in parallel columns for comparison and reference, which is an exceedingly convenient thing for those who want to make a study of the changes in the new version.

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA. A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. Illustrated. In 10 Volumes. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co. Latest Edition, 1880. Price, $15.

The work is so well and so widely known as to require but few words of commendation to recommend it to the public. The last edition, however, put out by this excellent publishing house will bear a few words to call attention to its excellencies. It has been carefully revised and additions made up to the latest moment, so that it is the most complete edition ever put out. The index also has been enlarged so that it is a thorough one, and commends itself to the seeker for information.

In these days of general culture, and in this country where not to have a certain amount of knowledge is to shut one out from intelligent companionship entirely, it needs no argument to prove that an Encyclopedia is necessary in every family, particularly where there are growing boys and girls who are reaching out after the truth in regard to all they see and hear. And it is equally important that the source from which they must obtain answers to their questionings should be a reliable one. To obtain this, and yet to have it come within the means was not always an easy matter, but the very low price at which J. B. Lippincott offers the last and best edition of Chambers Encyclopedia puts it within the power of everybody to possess one. Fifteen dollars is a small sum to pay for what might be called a complete library in itself, and one which can give reliable and valuable information upon almost every topic that can be mentioned.

THE FATHERS OF THE THIRD CENTURY. By Rev. George A. Jackson. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo. Price 60 cents.

This is the second of a series of early Christian literature primers issued by this house.

LOUKIS LARAZ. Reminiscences of a Chiote Merchant during the Greek War of Independence. By D. Bikelas. Price 50 cents.

THE GREAT VIOLINISTS AND PIANISTS. By George T. Ferris. Price 50 cents. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo.

These are two interesting volumes of Appleton's New Handy-Volume Series already so well known and liked.

THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS. By James Taylor, D.D. Published by Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo.

The people whose struggles are here narrated hold the respect of the world through their heroic determination to die rather than give up their religion. The story is well told.

BOSWELL AND JOHNSON—THEIR CONTEMPORARIES AND CONTEMPORARIES. By J. F. Waller, LL.D. Published by Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo.

This is another of the series of books issued by this house in a cheap form, but well written and in clear type.

MANUAL OF COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE in French. By Prof. H. M. Mansanto, of Packard's Business College. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo.

The object of this little work is to show at a glance, by practical illustration, the technical forms of expression and idiomatic phrases, which constitute the chief difference between the two languages. It will be found a very convenient little hand book.

M'FINGAL. An Epic Poem. By John Trumbull. With Introduction and Notes, by Benson J. Lossing, L.L.D., author of "Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution," etc., etc. Published by the American Book Exchange, New York.

This is a political satirical poem upon the events of the campaign in the year 1775, and was regarded when it was written inimitable. The present edition is a faithful transcript of the one published in 1782 considered as the best. The explanatory notes are prepared with great care.

RANDOM RAMBLES. By Louise Chandler Moulton. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo. Price, $1.25.

As the title indicates this is no pretentious book of travels but a series of graceful pen and ink sketches of what the author saw while rambling through Europe at different seasons for the last five years.

THE READING CLUB AND HANDY SPEAKER. Edited by George M. Baker. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

This is the ninth of a series of collections, serious, humorous, pathetic, patriotic and dramatic selections of prose and poetry for readings and recitations. They are well chosen and will be found of great service to those who are practicing elocution, either for private or public pleasure.

How to Secure Health.

It is strange any one will suffer from derangements brought on by impure blood, when Scovill's Sarsaparilla and Stillingia, or Blood and Liver Syrup will restore health to the physical organization. It is a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and the Best Blood Purifier ever discovered, curing Scrofula, Syphilitic disorders, Weakness of the Kidneys, Erysipelas, Malaria, Nervous disorders, Debility, Bilious Complaints and Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Skin, etc.

STRAY SONGS FROM MIRZA SCHAFFY.

TRANSLATED BY H. LEDERMAN.

A worse misfortune than sad death
Gaunt visaged Want is here beneath!
She strips Life's foliage of its bloom,
Blasts his fair buds, by Heaven sent,
Grimly denies the pauper's doom,
A grave, yet gives no nourishment.
The wise man's haughty pride she beads it;
Yoke's knavery with sterling worth;
The bitterest agony she sends it,
For one *must eat* upon this earth.

Want is the tomb of poetry;
And makes us bend a servile knee
To fools and knaves, whom, 'twere more meet
Proudly to crush beneath our feet.

Yet never despair! to Truth hold faster,
And break the heart! Why, 'tis our lot!—
Disaster braces Wisdom not,
But Wisdom may support Disaster.

Life void of Love's delight and pain
Is like a brook in desert sand,
That lost its course to ocean's strand,
Which every brooklet strives to gain.

The keenest blade is easiest wicked! True to the letter;
But does a dull one therefore better?

DOWN IN THE OPHIR MINE.

How Bob Ingersoll Came Within an Ace of Being Converted.

When Col. Robert Ingersoll was in Virginia City, about four years ago, a couple of reporters, one of which is now on the San Francisco *Chronicle*, conceived the idea of giving the infidel a hoster experience than he had, up to that time, admitted the vilest sinner would ever undergo, even after laboring under the disadvantage of not being alive. The foreman of the Ophir mine was led into the secret of the scheme, and, being a good Christian, at once saw the practical utility of the plot. It was elected to descend the Ophir for the reason that the quality of whisky then kept in the Ophir visitors' dressing rooms was superior to that of any other north end mine. The Justice mine really had a finer brand of liquor, but the mine was down in the lower end of Gold Hill, and as the descent was to be made after the Colonel had delivered his lecture one evening, it would be inconvenient to visit a mine very far from the International Hotel, where the Colonel and his family—wife and two daughters—were lodged. The matter of whisky is, unhappily, one of great consideration in a visit to a mine, for the reason that the effect of a descent upon a stranger is a strange weakness, which it is necessary to overcome upon reaching the surface with stimulants, or a day's sickness is the inevitable consequence.

After the lecture the reporters called at the hotel and escorted the Colonel and his family to the Ophir works. Ingersoll was in lively spirits. He had lectured to a crowded house; had just received news that he had been violently abused by San Francisco theologians, and was about to experience a novel sensation,—and a delightful one, too, the reporters assured him. He chatted and laughed, and in reply to some hints that some portions of the mine might be a little warm, replied: "Bring it on; I am not afraid of any natural heat, here or hereafter. Trot on your lowest levels." The ladies were taken in charge at the hoisting works by the wife of the colored office porter, and supplied with miners' clothes in the ladies' dressing-room. The men rigged themselves out likewise in blue flannel shirts and pants and hob-nailed shoes. The entire party were given long oil cloth coats to wear going down on the cage, as the vertical shaft was wet, the dripping water pouring down on the visitors like rain. "All set," cried the foreman, and the seven persons packed in the cage were dropped down to the 1,475 foot level as an uncomfortable rate to the visitor making his first descent. "Take off your coats here," said the foreman, as they stepped out on the iron floor of the station, in the presence of a crowd of car boys and miners. The ladies demurred, but the Colonel being assured that it was the customary thing, that the ladies would be too warm with and greatly inconvenienced by the coats, he encouraged them. "Why, certainly, girls, take off your coats. Everybody takes them off down here. That's all right, wife, tell the girls to take their coats off; there's nothing to be afraid of," and the young ladies shyly emerged from their coats, looking picturesque in their rough blue miners' suits.

Nothing was ever seen like the spirits of the Colonel. He danced a double shuffle on the iron switch plates to the delight of the miners and scared the ladies with stories of gnomens and spirits. "Call this hot, eh?" he laughed to the foreman; "oh, show me something warm, can't you? I'll freeze here." The foreman winked solemnly to the reporters and replied: "Well, we ain't got no very hot drafts here now, but come this way and I will give you something a little warmer than this." Then all branched off from the crosscut a little east of the station and walked north towards the face of a drift being run towarm the Union ground. The air changed instantly as they turned north. It was warmer; it kept getting warmer as they proceeded. It got hot. The foreman led. Ingersoll followed, after him the ladies, and in the rear came the reporters. "It is cool along here," remarked the foreman, "but it is a little warmer in the face of the drift." Ingersoll was puffing like a porpoise, but he still seemed cheerful. "Come on, girls; this don't amount to much. Talk about your hot mines, don't see where they come in." When it became so hot that breathing stung the lips and nostrils, the reporters suggested to the ladies without attracting the Colonel's attention, that they had better not go any further.

Ingersoll pluckily plodded on, carrying his candle ahead and peering a little anxiously ahead until they met a miner with his head down rushing out of the drift. "Where did you come from, my man?" asked Ingersoll, as the miner passed him. "Come from the face of the drift, old son," replied the miner, without stopping. Something in the manner of the man interested Ingersoll, for he yelled after him: "And where are you going?"

"Going to h—ll to cool off," replied the miner, who evidently did not distinguish the ladies in their miners' costumes. Ingersoll halted and said to the foreman: "Perhaps we had better not go any further; I see the girls are not following." As he came back and met his wife, he whispered huskily: "Eva, if I thought there really was a place hotter than this, we'd go up and join a Methodist Caurch this very night." Then they went down on the incline 500 feet further in the "giraff." While the ladies were being interested in the compressed air engine, the exhaust-pipe of which formed ice in temperature almost hot enough to roast meat in, the foreman told Ingersoll he had a curious natural phenomenon he wanted to show him.

Ingersoll followed him down an abandoned drift where the air was so hot the oldest miner would not work unless a fresh air pipe was first introduced. When he came back he was shirtless, drenched with perspiration, and scarcely able to walk. Everybody was afraid he would faint, and the party prepared to ascend.

"Eva," said the Colonel to his wife, "I have been to a place hotter than—"

"Robert!"

"Yes, dear; I was only going to remark that it was hotter than—"

"All set!" said the foreman, interrupting the infidel, as we scrambled into the giraff. The foreman gave the bell rope three slow pulls. "What does that mean?" said the Colonel.

"That is the signal to hoist."

"Well, my friend," gasped the Colonel, "if you get us to the surface uncooked I will write you an obituary that would make an angel turn green with envy, when I get to Chicago," and he sank back in a dark corner of the giraff, pale, exhausted and subdued.

The Bore.

John G. Saxe.

I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes;
But heaven defend me from the friend
Who comes, but never goes!

In the *Times* of Philadelphia we observe: Mr. John McGrath, 1,236 Christian street, was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of severe rheumatism.

NINETY-NINE TONS OF GOLD.

Sixty Millions of Bullion in One Room—How Bars are Weighed.

New York Sun.

It costs $1,200 to send $5,000,000 in bullion from the New York Assay Office to the Philadelphia Mint. That is why a room in the Assay Office is at present walled around with gold bricks. The weight of $5,000,000 is eight tons and a quarter, or more accurately 16,585 pounds. Congress was asked for $50,000 to cover the expense of transporting bullion to the mint, but it only appropriated $38,000. Between the 24 of August last and May 1st, $96,000 in gold was received in the Assay Office, and, for lack of money to send it to the mint, $60,000,000 yet remains on the hands of Thomas C. Acton. The 60 millions weighs about 99 tons.

A man who should own it would be able to wa l himself up in it as in a well, and the well would not be so wide or so high but he could stand in the middle and touch every brick. The number of gentlemen in this country who could perform this interesting experiment with their own gold is very small. The bricks in the Assay Office average about $4,000 apiece in value. The most of them are not much to look at. They are as black and dull in color as a cheap quality of stovepipe. If you scratch one with a knife you make a bright yellow mark, and this mark will not get black again. These black bricks are composed of melted foreign coins, containing about the right amount of alloy for American coinage, and so the alloy is allowed to remain in them.

When the melted gold is poured into the molds the oxygen of the air attacks the copper of the alloy, and turns it black. If it were worth while to protect the bricks from the air until they got gold they would never get any darker in color than a gold coin would. Two-thirds of all these bricks are made of French 20 franc pieces. These bricks made of gold directly from the mines are very nearly pure metal, and as as bright as coins. The drainage from all this gold, if it were put at interest at 5 per cent., would make a golden stream of $342 an hour running day and night.

"I know just as well how much gold there is in this room," Supt. Acton said, as he gazed about at the piled up wealth, "as I know my own age, but notwithstanding that it must all be weighed again in anticipation of the account to be rendered by July 1. If we had had money enough to send it to the Philadelphia Mint, we would not have the great trouble of weighing it. About $100 000 of it only is put on the scales at a time."

Six men were at work. Down the faces of all but two of them the sweat rolled, and their hands were grimy with black oxide of copper. They tugged at the gold bars like longshoremen unloading pig iron. A heavy platform truck, on four small wheels, was rolled into the room, and on this about 25 bars, or bricks, taken from the built up golden walls on three sides of the room, were laid. The truck was then drawn along the floor by four men, two pulling and two pushing, into an adjoining room, where the scales were. The scales are about five feet high, and the index needle is more than four feet long. The beam and the pans are suspended on steel edges as sharp as knife blades, to avoid friction. When the small weights had been added to the large ones to balance the gold, the point of the long index needle would tremble over the middle line of the ivory graduated scale.

The pair of scales is a kind so delicate that when brought to a balance with two pieces of paper of equal size in the pans, the mere writing of a name with a lead pencil on one of the pieces of paper will add enough weigt to the paper to turn the scales in its favor. This has actually been done on one of the scales in the assay room, but that pair is protected from air-currents by a glass case.

The men who handle the gold, though not differing much in outward appearance to the casual observer from coal heavers, are in fact men of intelligence, of approved reputation, and who receive good pay.

"We would not have all this trouble," said the chief weigher, as he put a 500-ounce weight gently on the scales with his right hand and wiped off his brow with his left, "if we had arrived at the 'parliament of man, the federation of the world.' What we sigh for here is an international system of coinage. The most of all this weight came into the country as good foreign coin, but its lack of uniformity with our mintage compels the United States to re coin it, and me to fight these weights all day."

CHINESE PIRATES.

Fighting With Firecrackers, They Capture a German Bark.

Hong Kong Mail.

The German bark "Occident" left this port on the 28th ult. At 7.30 P. M., two miles south of the Nine Pins, with a fair breeze, saw two Chinese junks on the same course as the ship. At 8:30 one of the junks came quite near the ship, to starboard, and interfered so much with the course that the ship was steering that she was compelled to change her course. When requested to get clear from the ship the junk people said they could not in consequence of the wind. Suddenly the junks steered direct to starboard, and then firecrackers were thrown on board the ship from the masthead and other parts of the junk. A Chinese sailor who was steering was wounded by a bullet on the right shoulder, but not seriously, merely a contusion. The Captain was attacked by the pirates, who had boarded the vessel to the number of between 25 and 30. One of the pirates made a lunge at him with a spear, and when he tried to parry the blow he was struck by and received a cut on the head from another spear. He was then driven to the fore part of the ship, and a guard placed over him; he was warned to keep quiet, and threatened with serious consequences in the event of his offering any resistance. The mate, a European, was next got hold of, and he was placed beside the captain and similarly threatened and warned. The piratical band then began to search the ship. They took from the captain's cabin a silver watch and gold chain, a telescope and some money. They also took everything that was valuable from the cabins of the mate and boatswain. The latter, also a European, was asleep in his cabin when attacked by the pirates, which woke him up. Escaping by the skylight on to the deck, he was at once surrounded and roughly handled, then, taken by force to where the captain and mate were and warned and threatened as they had been. From the Chinese crew on board the robbers took everything of value. From the supercargo they took $382 in money and his clothes. From the ship they took two lanterns and four rolls of canvas. They finally conducted the captain back to his cabin and told him to show them where the money on board was. He assured them they had already taken all. They then warned him that he had better be quiet and went off. On the captain coming on deck shortly after ward they were making off. The junks appeared to be of 1,000 piculs each.

Mr. Vennor's Future.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Mr. Vennor, the meteorologist, was strolling through the streets of Montreal, recently, when he encountered a stranger, who asked:

"Be you the man who shies weather prophecies at the people?"

"I believe I am the person you refer to," he modestly answered.

"Where do you expect to go to when you die?"

"I hope to go to heaven."

"Glad to hear you say so," remarked the stranger, "there's a chap who ain't no friend of mine and who's going to hell, sure; but if you was going, too, I couldn't depend on the temperature long enough to scorch him."

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is a universal favorite for restoring gray hair to its original color, and making hair grow out thick.

SUPERSTITION.

The Odd Ideas that Some Otherwise Sensible People are Possessed With.

But Nye of the Laramie City *Boomerang* has been compiling a list of superstitions. When you come to make a list of them, he says, it is wonderful how many intelligent people are the victims of the most unreasonable whims.

For instance, we are acquainted with a lady who is well educated and far above the average class of those who constitute the great army of the supers itious, who never allows a breakfast to be prepared in her house on washday, or anything but giblets of codfish and tidbits of superannuated grub left over during the preceding week. Her husband has struggled to convince her of the utter absurdity of this practice, and tried to show her that there is nothing in it, but all of his efforts have been worse than useless.

A friend of ours, too, who is a college graduate and boots most of the follies of the day, is still so superstitious on one point that he is a slave to his singular whim. He will not pass up the same side of the street on which a creditor of his is coming down. He says he never has good luck if he sees a creditor over his left shoulder or meets one face to face. Some are superstitious about white horses, owls and so forth, but this man says that he never met a creditor but right away after that he heard of some one being dunned.

Another acquaintance of ours is so completely under the control of an old woman's notion that he calls down upon himself time and again the scorn of his friends. He seems to think that there is something fatal about seeing a contribution box on Sunday. He therefore gets up and rushes out of church just before the collection is taken up, rather than bring disaster down upon himself and his family.

Still another friend of ours, who comes into the office every few days, has a superstition that if he were to spit in the cuspidor he wouldn't live to get home. Some day he will find that he had better reverse the theory, or he will meet with the most horrible death that has ever occurred in this region.

The most matter of fact man we know and one who would be considered the very last to be affected by these old traditions, says he don't care for new moons over his left shoulder, howling dogs at midnight, or anything of the kind; but when he sees a big stone chasing a muley cow, he is always sure to hear of a new-made grave.

It is said that even Pres. Garfield has his little peculiarities in this line. When we were boys together in Ohio he would never get into a watermelon patch at midnight where there was a bull-dog. He said that wherever there was a bull dog everything was sacred. So superstitious was he about this kind of bird, Garfield once said to us that he would just as soon rob his mother's grave as to enter the hallowed precincts where the bull-dog reigns.

Then he showed us a pair of overalls with a seat in them that looked as though it had sat down on a buzz saw.

James G. Blaine has a superstition about hicking an old felt hat on the 1st of April.

Carl Schurz has a mortal dread of holding a post mortem examination on a live hornet.

Attorney General MacVeagh, who is bald, will never brush his head with the brush that the hired girl has borrowed from his dressing case. He says the long hairs tickle his scalp, and the hired girl is almost sure to lose her situation. It is a bad sign.

Gen. Hancock is so superstitious about seeing a dark horse over his right shoulder that it throws him into convulsions.

Henry Ward Beecher says that if, in walking out in the yard, he sees a clothes line and saws it across his windpipe, it is a sure sign that some one will get licked.

Gen. Sherman says he cares nothing for the usual warnings and signs, but he would go around seven blocks to avoid a woman with a garden hose and a limber sun-bonnet.

An old journalist we once knew was so suspicious about railroads and different lines of transit that he wouldn't take a journey over any railway until he had a note from the Superintendent that could be shown the conductor on the way. He said he tried to make a trip once without this precaution and met with a terrible accident. Nobody else was hurt, but he was thrown off the train and over an embankment 27 feet high into a frog pond 11 feet deep. He thinks the conductor had something to do with it.

THE FLY.

Bill Nye Gives the Experience of a Bald-Headed Man.

Boomerang.

Much has been said of the fly of the period, but few write about him who are bald-headed.

Hence we say a word. It is of no use any more to deny the horrible truth. Although as beautiful as a peri in other ways, our tresses on top have succumbed to the inclemency of the weather, and our massive brow is slowly creeping over toward the back of our neck. Nature makes all things even. If a man be possessed of such ravishing beauty and such winning ways that his power might become dangerous, she makes him bald-headed.

That is our fix.

When we have our hat on and go chasseying down the street with that camel glide of ours, everyone asks who that noble looking Apollo with the deep and melancholy eye is; but when we are at the office with our hat hung up on the French walnut sideboard, and the sun comes softly in through the rosewood shutters and lights up the shellac polish on our intellectual dome, we are not so pretty.

Then it is that the fly, with gentle tread and seductive song, comes and prospects around on our bump of self-esteem, and tickles and makes us mad.

When we get where forbearance ceases to be a virtue, we haul off and slap the place where he was while he goes over to the inkstand and snickers at us. After he has waded round in the carmine ink awhile he goes back to the bump of spirituality and makes some red marks over it.

Having laid off his claim under the new mining law, he proceeds to sink on it.

If we write anything better these days, if we say aught of our fellowman that is disagreeable or unjust and for which we afterwards get licked, it is because at times we get exasperated and are not responsible.

If the fly were large and weighed 200 pounds and came in here and told us that if we didn't take back what we had said about him he would knock out the window with our remains and let us fall a hundred feet into the busy street, it wouldn't worry us so much, because then we could strangle him with one hand while we wrote a column editorial on Conkling with the other. We do that frequently. But a little fragile insect with no home and no parents, and only four or five million brothers and sisters, gains our confidence, and then tickles our scalp, till we have to write with a sheet of tar roofing over our head.

Then he comes in and helps us read our proof. We don't want him to help, but he insists on making corrections and putting punctuations in the wrong place, and putting full stops where they knock the sense all out of the paragraph.

If the fly could be removed from our pathway, we would march along in our journey to the tomb in a way that would be the envy and admiration of the civilized world. As it is, we feel that we are not making a very handsome record.

Its Own Reward.

Peck's Sun.

Tchomaik, the celebrated Italian bandit, who has followed robbing all his life, died the other day at the age of 96. How true it is that pastoral pursuits and a clear conscience tend to long life.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

Makes a much more delicious acid drink than lemons or limes, at the same time giving to the system the invigorating phosphates.

A DANCING PROCESSION.

Commemoration of the Anniversary of a Frightful Plague.

A writer in Berlin says that not far from those places of rendezvous for all nations of the civilized world a spectacle has been attracting the curiosity of thousands which leads us back to the depths of the Middle Ages, although it is repeated year by year. I am speaking of the village of Brnternach and its far-famed dancing procession. From 15,000 to 20,000 pilgrims—I could not obtain more accurate information about the number—assemble on some meadows within Prussian territory, but close to the confines of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. The inhabitants of different villages—men and women apart—collect behind their clergymen, and a band of musicians is placed in the front.

As the clock strikes five on Tuesday morning in Whitsuntide, a priest walks up the steps of a rude wooden pulpit and there addresses the multitude then already swollen to an incredible extent by sight-seers who come by special trains and every imaginable vehicle to be present at the performances. The community which happens to be nearest the road stands forth preceded by their priests who, however, does not dance. Two men and two women hop away first two steps in advance, and then one backwards, the band playing a most monotonous tune.

"Abraham had seven sons, seven sons; seven sons had Abraham," are the words to this terrible melody, which each successive set, as they join the procession, take up with increasing vigor.

Hour after hour passes away before the last people have started on their miles of way to the foot of the church of St. Willebrod whence they go up 50 steps round and round the altar and finally descend the 50 steps. Nothing can exceed the excitement, and exhaustion among the dancers old and young. Great are the numbers of those who in spite of an occasional draught of water offered by charitable bystanders sink down on the grass or on the dusty road not to rise for hours.

The question is naturally asked, what does all this mean? The answer is: It is intended to perpetuate the remembrance of a frightful epidemic of St. Vitus dance, which carried off hundreds of victims in the neighborhood referred to some time in the fifteenth century, to offer up prayers and vows to the patron saint to recognize a miraculous cessation of the epidemic, and it is a fulfillment of vows then made that in gratitude three al ould be yearly dances performed—two hops forward and one backward, as closely resembling the visitation from which Heaven had delivered them as rhythm and good taste would allow.

A DESPERATE SITUATION.

The Way Truesdale Saved His Life.

Kansas City (Mo.) Times.

Truesdale was detailed to shovel grain from one of the bins to the chute. Through this bin ran a perpendicular flange screw elevator, which, being attached to the shaft by a belt, was kept constantly in motion. By some accident the unfortunate man slipped while near it, and his foot being caught in the rotating flange was drawn down the shaft in which it works until the knee joint was level with the floor. Knowing that unless something was speedily done his whole body would be ground to pieces in this new sausage machine, he with a presence of mind that was extraordinary, raised his body until it reached the belt which turned the flange, and by sheer strength of muscle held the machinery still, thus putting his strength against the strength of a 50-horse engine. In this condition, with his crushed and bleeding limb still in the machine, he held out against the machine for three-quarters of an hour, when he was rescued by other workmen, who had come to see what was the matter with the machinery. He was taken to the Sisters' Hospital, and Dr. Bigger says he will ultimately recover the use of the injured member. Truesdale is about six feet in hight, and weighs only 170 pounds, but is a perfect giant in muscle. The 45 minutes he spent holding the machinery, he says, will always be a horrible remembrance.

Bibles With Funny Nicknames.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

An edition of Matthew's Bible, published in 1551, was called "the Bug Bible," because the passage in Psalms xci., 5, which in our version reads, "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night," was rendered in that book, "So that thou shalt not nede be afrayed for any bugges by night." Another edition, the Genevan, was called "the Breeches Bible," because it rendered Genesis 3 7, "They sewed fig-leaves together and made themselves *breeches*." The Bishop's Bible, 1568, one account of rendering Jer. viii., 22, as "Is there no *rosin* in Gilead?" was dignified with the *sobriquet* "The Treacle Bible." The same passage being rendered in the Douay Version, "Is there no *rosin* in Gilead?" that has been nicknamed the "Rosin Bible." An edition of the Authorized Version, published in Oxford in 1717, is known as "The Vinegar Bible," a name given it because of a printer's blunder in rendering the title to Luke 20, "The Parable of the Vineyard" instead of "The Parable of the Vineyard." The worst nickname of all is that given to an edition of the Authorized Version, printed in London by Baker & Lucas, in 1631, in this edition an important word is left out of the Seventh Commandment making it read: "Thou Shalt Commit Adultery." Naturally this is called the "Wicked Bible." Other mistakes, grave or gay, have been made in different editions of the Bible by printers; as, for instance, where Paul is made to say, "Purge your conscience from *good* works" instead of *dead* works; and again, where our Savior's words, in the beatitudes, "Blessed are the *peace makers*," are made to read—for the special comfort, we suppose, of office seekers—"Blessed are the *place-makers*."

In view of these typographical blunders, it seems only in accordance with the fitness of things that one Bible should have made David say, in Psalms 119, 161, instead of "*Princes* have persecuted me without a cause," "*Printers* have persecuted me without a cause."

The Lost Aeronauts.

Toronto Globe.

Charles E. Wise, the aeronaut, and son of the late Prof. John Wise, writes to the Philadelphia *Times* to say that the circumstances of the death of Prof. Donaldson and those of his father were widely different. Donaldson, he says, went out in an old leaky balloon after it had already performed one voyage, and stood all night inflated; and furthermore, the start was made directly on the edge of Lake Michigan. In Prof. Wise's case, he says it was an entirely new

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in geometrical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and solve the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and figures.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to the Department every week, and the editor is not allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a business. The BLADE's endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the necessary time to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

5. Questions whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to inquire. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the postmaster has been unmanned for good and sufficient reason.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf [illegible] ers containing subscriptions or orders [illegible] posite. Letters in violation of this rule for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

E. D. E., Hermitage, Mo.: John C. Fremont was first to be Governor of Arizona.

S. H. C., Bangor, Ky.: The "Fife of Infantry" has not been found in book form.

J. J. S., Burr Oak (no State): We cannot give the railroad fare over the routes you mention, as changes are being made almost every day.

A Reader, Adrian, O., writes: "The sum of the hypotenuse and perpendicular is 70 feet; the base is 10 feet. Will some one give a rule for finding the length of the hypotenuse and perpendicular?

I. D. C., Rives Junction, Mich.: Will you kindly inform me where I can procure a copy of a poem entitled 'The Wanderer?' It first appeared about 1835.

We cannot. Perhaps some reader may inform you.

E. J. W., Minneapolis, Kans.: Is there a book entitled "Ohio in the War?" If there is where can I get it?

Yes, address Moore, Wilstach & Co., Publishers, Cincinnati, O.

L. K. S., Prairie View, Ark.: If you will look over the rules at the head of this department, you will see that your question cannot be answered. And, in this connection, we would say that where that it is useless to send inquiries as to the reliability or standing of individuals or firms.

W. F. E., Hedgeville, Ia.:

A customer of mine was in Andersonville some months, and never received any pay for his services. Who is the proper person to apply to? Your friend is entitled to $2 cents a day for the time spent in Andersonville. Address Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C.

J. F. S., Spring Creek, Kan.:

What part of the inauguration to the United States in the last 10 years was [illegible]?

A man's religious views have never yet been changed on arrival in the United States, and we are not likely they ever will be—at least such was the case with [illegible].

Old Soldier, Gulf, Ill.:

Has a Pension Agent any right to collect his fee in an invalid pension case before the case is settled?

That is a matter of agreement between the parties. The best way is to correspond directly with the Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C.

S. T., Anchorage, Wis.:

Please inform through the columns of the BLADE where and how I may procure a copy of the "Consular Reports."

They are published at the Government Printing Office in Washington. Address Secretary of State, Washington, D. C., or apply to your member of Congress.

W. B. D., Spickardville, Mo.:

Will you please inform me what steps are necessary to be taken to secure a postoffice where there is no mail route?

Get up a petition, procure all the signatures you can, and forward it to the Postoffice Department, Washington, D. C.; also have your member of Congress assist you.

F. P. E., Tama City, Ia.:

1. What was the Credit Mobilier? 2. Are there seven modern wonders of the world? If so, what are they?

1. A combination of capitalists to build Pacific railroads and secure grants of land from Congress. 2. Yes, a thousand, to be found in almost every State and Territory.

G. W. S., LeHaye, Ia.:

If lotteries are immoral and dangerous, why do you advertise them? Please answer in the BLADE. I like the BLADE, but not said advertisements.

There is no law compelling one to read lottery advertisements. They are paid for, and it is a business transaction between business men. Skip the lottery "adds" if they don't suit you.

S. C. F., St. Paris, O.:

1. Please tell me how the writers for literary papers get paid. 2. On what kind of paper should the story be written? 3. Must it be written on one side or both?

1. They are usually paid by the column, when paid at all. There are so many people willing to write for nothing that it is seldom unknown writers are paid. 2. It is not material, so it is legible. 3. One side.

H. E., Assumption, Ill.:

Will you please state whether all the vacant postoffices have been filled, especially those for the Eleventh and Twelfth District of Illinois? 2. What are the branches a candidate for appointment is required to pass an examination in? 3. What is the postoffice address of Hon. J. A. Logan?

1. If there is any vacancy in the Districts you name, the local papers would make it known. 2. They embrace all branches taught in graded schools. 3. Chicago, Ill.

J. D. A., Herscher, Ill.:

Please inform your readers who discovered the comet now seen in the northern sky, and where, in what latitude it is, and how far off? What is the size of its orbit?

It is said there are over 200 claimants for the prize offered for the discovery of the comet. We cannot undertake to decide between them. All information furnished by astronomers about the comet has been published heretofore in the BLADE.

M. B., Beech Cliff, Pa.:

Who was the first King of England? How many sovereigns have ruled there?

We suppose that Egbert may be styled the first king of England, as he was given this title in 828. There were 83 kings before the Norman conquest, the last being Harold II. Beginning with William the Conqueror, Queen Victoria is the 38th English sovereign since the Norman conquest, making 59 in all to this date.

J. H. Anderson, Hanesville, Mo., writes: "In the BLADE of June 2 we find the following question: 'Can you tell me if there is in South Missouri any Government land that can be homesteaded?' Answer—Yes, thousands and thousands of acres.' Come to Wright County and we will show you lands that it will pay to homestead. Also, there are second hand lands from $1 to $2 per acre. Water plenty and good. Timber good also. Seed stamp and I will answer all inquiries."

L. H. Sanford, Menasha, Wis., writes: "Nothing inquiries in the BLADE as to the whereabouts of good Government land, I would state that there is as good land in Wisconsin as a reasonable man could wish. I have a homestead in Lincoln County; the soil is a sandy loam, with clay bottom. The timber is basswood, birch, elm, oak, etc. The water is soft and the climate is good. There is room for more live men. Any one wishing more particulars will please address as above, with stamp."

R. G., Silverville, Ind.:

Please say what is the fastest steamship time made from Queenstown to New York. Please give name of vessel.

The fastest time from Queenstown to New York was made by the "Arizona" in May, 1880. She went south of the Banks and completed the voyage in 7 days, 10 hours, 47 minutes, and making 2,845 miles, or 66 miles more than were run in the celebrated passage made by the "Britannic" in 7 days, 10 hours, 55 minutes.

Reader, Montoursville, Pa.:

Will you be kind enough to answer the following questions in your correspondents' column? 1. What two parties combined in the Legislature to elect Garrison Governor of Maine? 2. Please give me the total Greenback vote cast for Peter Cooper in 1876 and cast cast for Gen. Weaver in 1880. If you cannot give me an answer please tell me where I can find answers.

1. Democrats and Greenbackers. 2. Cooper's vote, 81,737; Weaver's vote, 306,867.

J. R. L., Sparta, Ill., asks for information about West Point. These questions have been answered so often in this department that it seems like a waste of space to repeat them. But, briefly, a candidate must be between 17 and 22 years of age, and pass a rigid examination, mentally and physically; the number of cadets is limited to 312—one to each Congressional District, and 10 appointed by the President. The pay is $540 per year, with no allowance for rations. Each cadet admitted must bind himself to serve eight years from time of admission to the Academy. The course of instruction requires four years. There is not one young man in 100 capable of passing the examinations.

A. F. S., Mowequa, Ill.:

Did the Government ever refuse to take the trade dollar for 100 cents?

The trade dollar, as frequently explained in the BLADE, was never intended to circulate in this country. It was coined for export to China, and bought up by speculators—mostly bankers—at 95 cents on the dollar, then paid out for 100 cents on the dollar. As it was not made a legal tender by Congress, officers of the Government were not obliged to take it, and we suppose they refused it, unless for the convenience of the public they received it at its market value.

J. S. M., Millbrook, Ill.:

What is the population of Mexico and General Sam Houston and what is the amount of their national debts?

The population of Mexico at the last census was 9,383,479; the public debt is stated at $45,000,000, but this is not official. The last census of Mexico 8 per cent was 20%. We suppose that by Central America our correspondent means the federated republic of Colombia (which includes the State of Panama), and has a population of 2,854,842 with a public debt of $23,000,000, three fourths of which is due to British creditors, who hold a mortgage on the customs for their security.

G. T. N., Brown Earth, Dak.:

Where are the large cities of the world situated?

There are five cities in the world having each a population of over 1,000,000 inhabitants—one each in Britain, United States, Germany, France and Austria. Then there are nine having more than 500,000 inhabitants—three in Great Britain, three in the United States, two in Russia, and one in Turkey. Of cities having between 200,000 and 500,000 inhabitants there are 59—six in the United States, five in Great Britain, four in Germany and in Italy, three in France, two in Spain and one in Russia, Australia, Belgium, Holland and Portugal.

F. T. D., Dilday's Landing, Tenn.:

1. Is there a Universalist publication published in the United States? If so, where, and the name of the same? 2. What is their number in this country? Have they a book established? Where are they most numerous? By answering the above you will greatly oblige many readers of the good old BLADE.

1. Yes; they have a number of newspapers and periodicals—between 15 and 20. The oldest of these is the *Universalist Magazine*, of Boston, first issued in 1819. 2. The census of 1870 (that of 1880 is not yet out) gives them 719 church organizations, but the number of members is not given. We do not know where they are most numerous.

Accountant, East Randolph, N. Y.:

Please give a recipe for green ink. I have seen them but cannot now find the same.

There are several recipes. 1. Verdigris, 2 oz; cream of tartar, 1 oz; water, ½ pint; boil to one-half and filter. 2. Bichromate of potasch, 3 parts; hot water, 8 parts; dissolve, add rectified spirits, 4 parts; mix and further add sulphuric acid, avoiding excess; next evaporate to one-half; dilute with water, filter and add to the filtrate rectified spirits, 4 parts, together with 3 or 4 drops of sulphuric acid (if required) to precipitate any remaining potash salt; lastly, decant and preserve the liquid until it assume a rich green color.

L. J., Vienna, Ill.:

1. In writing MS. for papers and magazines, is the writer required to punctuate his or her work? 2. Can a person send the same article to more than one publisher and receive pay from each? 3. Has the locust any mouth?

1. There is no law on the subject, and it is not usual to punctuate, because if it does not appear in good shape, the printer gets the blame; still every writer is supposed to know best how he wants his production punctuated. 2. A person might, but it would not be honest, unless in the case of newspapers published wide distances apart, and only then when the publishers know and consent to such an arrangement. 3. We haven't time just now to go out and catch one, but from the devastation they commit we should imagine they were pretty much all mouth.

Subscriber, Mandamin, Ia.: Bob Toombs is not dead. He is engaged in the practice of law in Georgia, and is very wealthy.

G. T. N., Harker's Corners, Ill.:

If a German comes to this country, remains here a number of years, never declares his intentions nor becomes naturalized, are his children who are born in this country American citizens, and can they vote, hold real estate, etc.? If his son should go to Germany could he be conscripted?

Any white person born in the allegiance of the United States is a natural born citizen without reference to his parentage. Unless the children of a German go to their parents' native country, and claim citizenship there on the strength of their descent (which they have the right to do) they cannot be conscripted by any foreign power.

T. A., South Saginaw, Mich., writes: "Will you please allow me to tell G. D., (Wrastel, Minn.) my experience with dynamite, or Hercules? The proper size for stumps is No. 2. They are 1½ inches in diameter by eight inches long, and perfectly safe to handle. One is usually sufficient for the largest stump, and I have often cut them in two for small ones. The proper plan is to make a hole with a crowbar from the outside downward, slanting toward the center, about three feet deep; then insert the torpedo with fuse attached and tramp the hole with sand; cut the fuse to within three or four inches of the ground and light it; get back 10 or 12 rods, and in a couple of minutes you will have the satisfaction of seeing your stump rise in the air, turn a somersault and frequently split into a number of pieces. Let G. D. try it; it is the cheapest, best and quickest way to rid one's self of those unsightly nuisances."

Annie, Harlem Springs, O.:

Why does the BLADE object that "no flowers be sent, when notices of funerals are given in New York?

The custom of flowers at a funeral began with a lily in the hand of the deceased as a hint of the coming resurrection. Then a few rose buds were laid around the head; then a cross, and a crown, and a harp, and a broken column, and an anchor, and finally a pillow, were added as made-up pieces, to be laid on the coffin, and when this would not hold them, chairs and tables were covered, and the whole place was filled with the costly and elaborate display. Even when the family arranged for a modest display, the outside friends would feel bound to contribute, and when the deceased had a large circle of acquaintances the offering of floral decorations came to be perfectly overwhelming. The notice quoted is simply designed to prevent this profusion, leaving the provision wholly to those in charge of the funeral.

Republican, Cedar Springs, Ky.:

1. Is this a locust year here; is it locust year all over the Western States? 2. Where can I get a good, reliable work on Short hand, and at what price? 3. Could I learn it without a teacher? 4. Does the north star travel with the earth? If not, why is its position always the same?

1. No; we only hear of locusts in a few States. 2. Address Ben Pitman, Cincinnati, O.; a set of books will probably cost about $3 50. 3. Yes, if you have sufficient patience and perseverance. 4. To the unassisted eye, the stars seem to preserve the same relative positions in the celestial sphere generation after generation; but the refined methods of modern astronomy, in which the telescope is brought in to measure spaces absolutely invisible to the eye, have shown that this seeming unchangeability is not real, and that the stars are actually in motion, only the rate of change is so slow that the eye would not, in most cases, notice it for thousands of years. In 10,000 years quite a number of stars would be seen to have moved, while it would take 100,000 to introduce a very notable change in the aspect of the constellations.

C. H. D., Delta, Mich.:

How, when and where was the Rebel Capt. Wirz, of Andersonville prison, punished? Where can a full report of his trial be got? Were any others punished for like offenses?

His trial began in Washington in August, 1865, before a special military commission, convened by the Secretary of War. The indictment charged him with injuring the health and destroying the lives of soldiers confined as prisoners at Andersonville, by subjecting them to torture and great suffering, by confining them in unhealthy and unwholesome quarters, by exposing them to the inclemency of the Winter and the dews and burning sun of the Summer, by compelling the use of impure water, and by furnishing insufficient and unwholesome food; also for establishing the "dead-line," and ordering the guard to shoot down any prisoner attempting to cross it; for keeping and using bloodhounds to hunt down prisoners attempting to escape, and for torturing prisoners by confining them in the "stocks." Having been found guilty on these charges, Wirz was hanged in Washington November 10, 1865. A full report of the trial was published by the Government. You can probably obtain a copy by applying to your member of Congress. Wirz was the only one executed.

S. H. Swan Lake Ark.:

What is the origin and meaning of the term "French leave?"

One authority ascribes it to the habit of the French armies who took whatever forage they required without asking leave, or tendering payment; but this does not account for the ordinary use of the phrase, since it is not leave in the sense of permission, but in the sense of gaining or departure, which is meant. In *Frazer's Magazine* for 1864 (page 330) a writer describes the informal reception then so fashionable in Paris, and adds, "The visitors go without any formal farewell; whence, I suppose, our expression 'French leave.'" This is evidently the ordinary application of the phrase. Dr. Brewer in his work repeats the first named definition; but Mr. Hotten gives the latter, with an additional gloss, defining it as "to depart slyly without saying anything." We find in an old newspaper, under date of October 13, 1805, the paragraph, "On Thursday last, Monsieur J. T. Desgranch, one of the French prisoners of war on parole at Chesterfield, took 'French leave' of that place, in defiance of his parole engagement." This might include both meanings in one. The origin of the expression is lost in antiquity.

S. F. J., Royston, W. Va.:

Please give some information about the Isle of Patmos where is it, its area, and by whom is it inhabited?

It is an island of the group called the Sporades in the Grecian archipelago, about 20 miles south of the southwest extremity of Samos, and about 30 miles west of the coast of Asia Minor, with a population of 5,000. It is an irregular mass of barren rocks, 28 miles in circumference, and in the time of the Roman Emperors was used as a place of punishment. To this island St. John the apostle was exiled by Domitian, A. D. 95; and here, according to tradition, he wrote the Apocalypse, and perhaps his Gospel also. On the side of a hill a cavern is pointed out by the Greek monks, who have a monastery in the vicinity, as the exact spot where the evangelist received the revelation. The monastery, built by the Byzantine Emperors in the 12th century, is inhabited by about 20 monks, subject to the patriarch of Constantinople. On the east side of the island there is a small village and a good port. The island is subject to the Turks, but the inhabitants are all Greeks. They subsist by fishing and commerce, and by agricultural labor on the mainland or the more fertile islands, migrating for the purpose every Summer.

O. L. S., South Duxbury, Mass.:

1. What is the address of the eldest Rothschild, the great capitalist? 2. And give all other information relating to that family, and greatly oblige

1. Lionel Nathan Rothschild, London, Eng. 2. Mayer Anselm Rothschild was born in Frankfort in 1743, and died there in 1812. He was a clerk in Hanover before establishing himself as a banker in Frankfort. The Elector Willem, on his flight in 1806, after the invasion of his estates by the French, deposited about $5,000,000 for safe keeping with Rothschild for eight years, without interest, and subsequently received from his heirs an annual interest of two per cent., the capital being repaid to William's son and successor in 1813. The judicious investment of this capital was the source of the colossal fortune of the Rothschilds. Mayer Anselm's five sons—Anselm, Solomon, Nathan, Charles and James—respectively became chiefs of houses at Frankfort, Vienna, London, Naples and Paris, and all were made Barons by the Emperor Francis; and they acquired world-wide celebrity by making loans to Governments and by other financial and mercantile operations. The firm is continued by members of the family at all these places excepting Naples, the London and Paris houses being the most important. Special agents of the firm are established in all parts of the world. The eldest son of the London Rothschild was elected to Parliament in 1847. He declined to take the customary oath, "on the true faith of a Christian," and did not take his seat, although regularly re-elected, until the removal of the disabilities of the Jews in 1858. He was the first Jew that ever sat in the House of Commons.

D. B., Caldwell, Kan.:

1. I wish to know which was the language spoken by man when there was only one language in use. 2. What is the origin of the Greek language? 3. Is the name Nigger an English word or not? Please give me a brief statement of the word. 4. Can it be ascertained how and when there came to be different color of man as we see at present? 5. What was the color of Christ when He was on earth—I mean his skin?

1. The origin of language, says an eminent author, is still regarded as an insoluble problem. Many adhere to the belief that language was specially given by God, and hence that there was originally a single perfect language. Many authorities now hold that man was originally speechless, and others have attempted to explain the origin of language after the Darwinian theory of development. The ancients held the theory that words were originally formed by imitations of natural sounds. As German and Sanskrit, French and Italian, once formed a single language, and their diversities are due only to the prolonged separation of the peoples, it is believed by some that all the languages of the earth grew out of a single germ, and that the still greater diversities are owing only to more extended periods of separation. Language changes very rapidly. The language spoken in Rome about A. D. 1000 was widely different from the language of the ancient Romans or the modern Italians. The speech of the aborigines of Africa changes so rapidly that, according to the experience of missionaries, that of any particular tribe becomes entirely incomprehensible within a single generation. About 900 languages and 5,000 dialects are now known. 2. The conjectures of ancient and modern writers have linked it to nearly every great nation of antiquity, but without satisfactory result. Aristedius in the 17th century derives the Greek from the Hebrew. The general opinion at present is that Greek is an elder sister of Latin. 3. It is given in Webster as meaning negro, used in derision or depreciation. 4. No. 5. One writer represents Christ as having been of imposing presence, with bushy eye brows, singularly beautiful eyes, regular nose, curling black hair, and yellow complexion. No other account that we find mentions the color of his skin.

Information Furnished.

The postoffice address of Col. S. A. Shumway is Kokomo, Lake Co., Col.

The party who inquired for the address of Charley Reed is informed that he is dead. A letter addressed to Mrs. S. Reed, Lewisburg, Ark., will probably elicit all particulars.

Information Wanted.

J. M. Elrod, La Veta, Col., wants the address of James M. Elrod, last heard of in Nebraska.

A. G. Sweazey, Bear Branch, Ohio Co., Ind., wants the address of John Andress; last heard of in Michigan.

Delayed Subscriptions.

It sometimes happens that persons order the BLADE mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will readily be seen from the following: Not of persons sending money for the BLADE and telling either to sign their names or give their address:

Letter containing $1 30, signed Jas. Diswiddie, no postoffice, county or State.

Letter containing $1.25, dated at Loisening, Fayette Co., Pa., no name attached.

Letter containing $1.25, stamped Oak Lodge, Indian Ty., no name attached, and no order as to what is wanted.

Letter containing $2, dated at Clinton, Mich., signed Albert Chase; no order as to what is wanted.

Letter containing $1, signed James P. Dunaway. Can't read address.

Will Philo Hayes, of Miles City, give his full postoffice address, and the matter in reference to check No. 750 will be looked up.

Letter containing 40c, dated Pulaski, no County or State, signed John T. McCarthy, to pay for Blade for A. N. Beadle.

Letter containing 50c., dated at Vinton, Neb., no name attached.

Letter containing $1.50, St. Louis, no County or State. Signed C. W. Moffit, Agent.

Letter containing $2.40 to pay for five Blades, signed J. M. Mossbarger, no Postoffice, County or State.

Letter containing $1.25, signed S. E. Miller, no postoffice, County or State.

WARRANTED the greatest pain reliever in the world, Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment. Thirty-four years established, and never failed to cure croup, spasms, colic, chronic rheumatism, old sores, and pain in the limbs, back and chest. Over 500 physicians recommend it, and 1,000 certificates can be seen at the depot, 42 Murray street. No one has once tried it but continues to use it and recommend it to their friends. Ladies will find this Liniment will immediately eradicate Pimples, Freckles and Blotches. Also restores Gray Hair to its natural color, and perfectly harmless. 25 and 50 cents per bottle. Sold by the druggists

The Sunday School.

Moses and the Magicians.

LESSON 5, SUNDAY, JULY 24, 1881.

GOLDEN TEXT.—They showed his signs among them and wonders in the land of Ham.—Psa. 105: 27.

LESSON TEXT.

Exod. 7: 8 17.

8. And the Lord spake unto Moses and unto Aaron, saying,

9. When Pharaoh shall speak unto you, saying, Shew a miracle for you; then thou shalt say unto Aaron, take thy rod, and cast it before Pharaoh and it shall become a serpent.

10. And Moses and Aaron went in unto Pharaoh, and they did so as the Lord had commanded, and Aaron cast down his rod before Pharaoh, and before his servants, and it became a serpent.

11. Then Pharaoh called the wise men and the sorcerers, now the magicians of Egypt, they also did in like manner with their enchantments.

12. For they cast down every man his rod and they became serpents; but Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods.

13. And he hardened Pharaoh's heart, that he hearkened not unto them; as the Lord had said.

14. And the Lord said unto Moses, Pharaoh's heart is hardened, he refuseth to let the people go.

15. Get thee unto Pharaoh in the morning; lo, he goeth out unto the water, and thou shalt stand by the river's brink against he come; and the rod which was turned to a serpent shalt thou take in thine hand.

16. And thou shalt say unto him, The Lord God of the Hebrews hath sent me unto thee, saying, Let thy people go, that they may serve me in the wilderness; and, behold, hitherto thou wouldest not hear.

17. Thus saith the Lord, in this thou shalt know that I am the Lord; behold I will smite with the rod that is in mine hand upon the waters which are in the river, and they shall be turned to blood.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

The Lord spake unto Moses and unto Aaron (v. 8.) No one can be a messenger from God until he has received a message from God. If you want to tell a person what God has said, you must be ready to hear what God has to say. And if God would send you to anybody as his messenger, he is sure to have a special message for you to carry to that particular person. If it is to Pharaoh or to Nebuchadnezzar, or to Herod, or to one of your neighbors, or to a scholar in your class, the message will be explicit and distinct, and will belong to that person's part from all others. It is a high honor to be a messenger from God; but there is no such thing as being a messenger without a message. Do you suppose that God wants you to say anything to your scholars next Sunday? If so, what does he want you to say? Have care that you get your message correctly, for if you fail in this you will fail utterly.

Shew a miracle for you (v. 9.) That was a fair challenge by Pharaoh. It is a challenge which every messenger of God is likely to receive. You claim to come from God prove your mission. How would you meet that challenge to-day? What answer would you give to a man who asked you why he should heed your warning as from God? What evidence of the truth of God's word, or of your fidelity as God's messenger would you be able to point to? If you are in doubt on this point, you are poorly fitted to speak in God's name. The world has a right to challenge any man's claim to be God's messenger, and it will insist on that challenge whether it has a right to or not. Gather yourself up to be ready to give a proof of your mission, as you carry the message which God has sent you to deliver, and which you must not withhold.

Take thy rod. God can make the simplest agencies effective for the largest results. A rake; herd's rod can be mightier by his blessing, than a king's sceptre. And that which is but the implement of our daily toil, or but the least prized of our personal qualities or possessions, may, brought into active employment for the proof of our ministry and the accomplishment of our mission. A man has so used his wood-chopper's ax in cutting fire wood for a quarrelsome neighbor as to give evidence of the power of Christian love, and of his possession of it. And the same triumph has been won by a sewing woman's needle. Even a kindly voice or a winsome smile has pierced the armor of an unbeliever's heart. All that God asks of you, if you are called to carry his message and are willing to go is that you shall take your rod, or your ax, or your needle, or your pen, or your voice, or your loving heart, or whatever of your acquirements he may designate for the service, and he will see to it that it is sufficient for all that he would have you accomplish in his name.

Then Pharaoh also called his wise men and the sorcerers (v. 11.) There never was a time when you couldn't find men who were called wise, and who called themselves so, ready to stand out against God, and to attempt the disproof of his word. If there is one lesson taught in the Bible on the one hand, and in all the field of human observation on the other hand, it is that high school acuity, or proficiency in worldly wisdom, and a familiarity with natural sciences, do not in themselves make men believers in God, and bring men into a spirit of obedience toward God. Science is in no necessary conflict with religion. Moses probably knew more in his own line of knowledge than any of these unbelieving wise men; but it was not that knowledge that made him a meek-hearted stalwart-minded man of God. Neither did his being all alone in his religious belief properly throw discredit on his faith. So, to-day, there are more distinguished scientists than some who are faith filled disciples of Jesus. But if they were in the smallest minority, it would be sufficient for us to say that God's authority doesn't rest on any diploma from the Academy, nor would he feel honored by one of its medals. It makes a vast deal of difference to the wise men whether they are Christian believers or not; but it oughtn't to make much difference to anybody else—least of all to the cause of God.

But Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods (v. 12.) That is the way the thing works sooner or later. No matter how many unbelieving wise men there are in opposition to the truth of God, in the long run one firm believer is more than a match for all of them together. The wonders of science dwindle in comparison with the wonders of history, ethnology, geography, or archaeology. It has failed to show the slightest error in the Bible disclosures in that particular branch of science. The Bible itself is the wonder of wonders. Christianity is such a marvel that it ought to be convincing evidence of its divine mission to every impartial investigator. Whether it be idolatry, or spiritualism, or rationalism, or socialism, or any other form of gross error, it is sufficient to watch its progress and note its results. The rod of Aaron will yet swallow up their rods, and then be ready for the next spawning of unbelief.

Hitherto thou wouldest not hear (v. 16.) It was not that God had withheld his messages from Pharaoh until now, but that Pharaoh had refused to receive them. God had been patient with the reluctant king. God had met the king's doubts, and had answered his natural questionings, but all to no purpose. Pharaoh didn't want to be convinced; there was the trouble. If you find a man obeying all of God's commandments that he knows anything about, and having doubts only where no light has been given him, you need have very little concern for that man. He will doubtless have more light, and will follow it. But when you see a man giving more prominence to the things he can't understand than to those he can, and being readier to carp at the ways of God that are beyond his knowledge than to obey the commands of God which are indisputable, you may be sure that the cause of that man's doubts is in an evil heart and not in a poorly informed head. When he says that God's teachings are not clear to him, you can answer. But the trouble is that hitherto thou wouldest not hear. God has spoken plainly enough, but you have closed your ears to his teachings.

In this thou shalt know that I am the Lord (v. 17.) God will see to it that every man believes in him sooner or later. There will be an end of doubt in one way, if not in another. God wants men to walk by faith, but if they refuse to do this they shall have visible evidence that he is the Lord. "God tried every gentle way to win me," said one; "but I wouldn't heed his loving calls. Then he pressed me more heavily, but I resisted him still. It wasn't till he had taken my last child from my arms, and I stood all alone in the world, that I even looked towards God. Oh that I had been wise and had yielded to him before all this!" It is a terrible thing to press God for evidence of his power. It is a perilous thing to refuse attention to God's gentlest calls. Hasn't God given sufficient proof that he is God? Dare you defy his power by delaying obedience to the commands he has already made plain to you? Would you have the waters you now look to for your refreshing turned to blood before your eyes? God can do this if nothing short of it will bring you to a recognition of his authority.—*H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times.*

Gave instantaneous relief. St. Jacobs Oil, Neuralgia. Prof. Tice.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

A POET'S SAD OLD AGE.

The Once Genial Saxe Pronounced a Hypochondriac.

New York Sun.

The poet John G. Saxe has become such a confirmed hypochondriac that no one is able to convince him that he is not a hopeless invalid. Since the death of his wife no one can influence him, and, accordingly, he is a troublesome patient to his physician, Dr. Wanderlich.

"I have never encountered a more obstinate man," says the doctor. "He sits in his from all day long grieving over the loss of his power as a poet, and imagining that he is the greatest sufferer. I can not detect that he is physically any worse than one of his age would naturally be supposed to be. His ailment is chiefly mental and his mind has assumed a most painful hypochondriacal hue. He imagines that he can not eat anything, yet he consumes plenty of food. Then he thinks he is wasting away in flesh, but I can not detect that he is growing any thinner, and I sometimes think he is gaining flesh. He does not go out of his room, and can not be coaxed or driven to take exercise. I think that if he would take plenty of exercise, change the scene of his daily life, and seek companions would divert his mind from himself, he would recover his animal spirits, and be more like the brilliant, witty man he once was."

Mr. Saxe occupies a room in his house at No. 28 First Place, Brooklyn, and rarely leaves it. His house is a three-story brown stone front, with a deep court yard in front, which is covered with close green turf. The location is one of the coolest and pleasantest in Brooklyn. His neighbors are Austin Corbin, Demas Barnes, and Rev. Dr. Ludlow, and many who would gladly assist to assuage his grief over the loss of his wife and daughters, and to cheer his melancholy, but he is inaccessible to his old friends, and never walks in streets where he would be apt to encounter them. It is understood that he will soon be taken to Albany, to the home of his married son. The melancholy which stole upon him after the death of his daughter was greatly enhanced when he attempted to do some literary work and found that his pen faltered and that his thoughts were weak. The grief over the swift course of death in his family and the departure of his old gifts have combined to produce in him much mental misery, which he attributes to imaginary physical ills. His present condition is in striking contrast to his mood when he wrote the following "Lines on My Thirty ninth Birthday."

Oh, few shall roam this world of ours,
To feel its thorns and pluck its flowers,
Have trod a brighter path than mine
From blithe thirteen to thirty nine
Health, home and friends (life's real part),
A merry laugh, a fresh young heart,
Frolic dreams and love divine—
Have I not these at thirty nine?
Oh Time! forego thy wonted spite,
And lay future sadness light,
And trust me, I will not repine
As twice the count of thirty nine.

The poet's prayer had been sadly answered by Father Time. At 65 his condition much resembles the closing days of Scott, Southey, Cowper, and Moore. Mrs. Saxe's popularity among the members of the secret college fraternity "Psi Upsilon" is undimmed for he set the phrase "May your last fondest sigh be, Psi Epsilon," now so current among men of that society. His latest publication contains more touches upon theology than his earlier works. In "Here and Thereafter" he says:

As for me,
My creed is short as any man's may be,
'Tis written in the Sermon on the Mount
And in the Pater Noster.

It contains also an ode to the New York Legislature;—perennially appropriate,—in which he says that if we are expected to respect the laws,

'Tis not best to see them made.

On the day of the funeral of his daughter, Hattie Solace Saxe, on Sunday, June 5, many of his old friends attended the services, expecting to catch a glimpse of him, but he did not leave his room and could not be induced to ride to the cemetery. The disease which has seized Mr. Saxe has so clouded his mind as to shut out all the pleasures of life to him, and there is no glimpse in his rambling talk of the wit of other days. Mr. Saxe was born in Highgate, Franklin County, Vt., was graduated at Middlebury College in 1839, read law in Lockport, N. Y., and St. Albans, Vt., and was admitted to the bar in St. Albans in 1843. He ran several times as Democratic candidate for Governor in Vermont, but it is needless to add that he was never elected.

The Excursion Cigar.

New York Herald.

Botanists in search of new varieties of plant life will be standing in their own light if they do not examine some of the cigars sold at watering places near New York. A good dinner may be bought for a small sum and the wine is not absolutely poisonous, but when the cigars are served the man who has ever smoked a cigar really worth five cents, finds himself lost in wonder and disgust, principally the latter. If the persons under whose auspices the cigar stands are managed, want to discourage the smoking habit, they have hit upon the right plan, but as philanthropy that wars against the pocket is not characteristic of owners of steamboat lines and big hotels, it must be admitted that the cigars are made to be sold. The proper place for most of them would be the proposed furnace for the consumption of the city's garbage. There are such things as good cigars on sale by New York importers and manufacturers, but retailers along the various beaches do not seem to know where to get them.

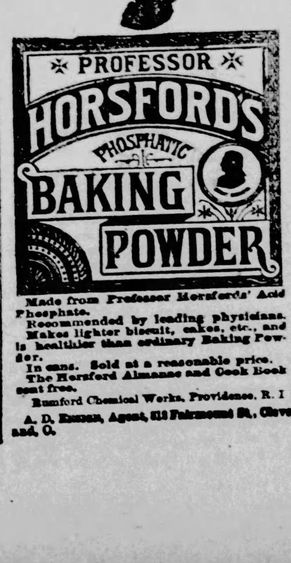
Robert Bonner's Feat of Typesetting.

Printers' Gazette.

Every now and then we hear accounts of fast typesetting, of nearly 2,000 per hour, or somewhere in that neighborhood. That is all right, but we venture to say that the task Mr. Robert Bonner, of the New York *Ledger*, performed in 1846, of setting 32,997 ems of solid minion reprint, 25 ems wide, in 24 consecutive hours, commencing at 12 o'clock noon of one day, and working through until 12 o'clock noon of the following day, has never been equaled. Mr. Bonner had undertaken for a wager, to set 33,000 ems in the time named, and came within three ems of winning it. This so satisfied his opponents in the wager, that it was cheerfully surrendered to him. What say the rushers?

The variety of the products of the soil of North Australia is extraordinary. Cotton, sugar, rice, maize, arrowroot, tobacco, grass-cloth plants, ginger, jute, hemp, sorghum, indigo, coffee, cocoa, nutmeg, cinnamon, millet, the earth nut or arachis, tejsico, mangoes, bread-fruit, guava, jackfruit, West Indian yams, all kinds of melons, beans and sweet potatoes, have been successfully cultivated.

HORSFORD'S BAKING POWDER



Made from Professor Horsford's Acid Phosphate.
Recommended by leading physicians.
Makes lighter biscuit, cakes, etc., and is healthier than ordinary Baking Powder.
In cans. Sold at a reasonable price.
The Horsford Almanac and Cook Book sent free.
Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.
A. D. Emens, Agent, 115 Fulrmount St., Cleveland, O.

Vanderbilt's Intrigues.

New York Public.

The truth is that Mr. Vanderbilt sold out a great many stocks before he went to Europe. His relatives and friends did likewise. He came back with a profound disgust because the market had not been broken enough to enable him and them to buy back at a satisfactory profit. Ever since he has been pretending to be engaged in a quarrel with Mr. Gould and Mr Jewett. The old farce is being played once more, and people who have seen it 20 times before are going about in an agony of fear because Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Gould are going to have a tremendous railroad war. Exactly how long it will take Mr. Vanderbilt to buy the stocks he wants we do not know. When he has done so the railroad war will suddenly cease, and there will be a great change in the crop prospects also.

VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM.
OF LYNN, MASS.

DISCOVERER OF
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.
The Positive Cure
For all Female Complaints.

This preparation, as its name signifies, consists of Vegetable Properties that are harmless to the most delicate invalid. Upon one trial the merits of this Compound will be recognized, as relief is immediate, and when its use is continued, in ninety nine cases in a hundred, a permanent cure is effected, as thousands will testify. On account of its proven merits, it is to-day recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country.

It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, Irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

In fact it has proved to be the greatest and best remedy that has ever been discovered. It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.

It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

For Kidney Complaints of either sex this compound is unsurpassed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue,

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pub'rs
D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, JULY 21.

☞ Entered at the Postoffice at Toledo as Second-Class Matter.

THE TOLEDO BLADE.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, one year, $2.00, and at the same rate for a shorter time. Clubs of five, per year, $1.75 each. Clubs of 10 and over, $1.65 each.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends, or as many different Postoffices, to whom we will send copies free and postage paid. Send for our Special Instructions to Agents. Address THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

NASBY IN EUROPE.

May 16th, Mr. D. R. LOCKE, (Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby) will sail for Europe, for the purpose of contributing a series of letters to the TOLEDO BLADE. These letters will cover a period of six months, or possibly longer.

They will be written in Mr. Nasby's peculiar vein, and will be as lively as he can make them. The TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE is the LARGEST Political and Family paper in the United States, and in addition to this feature, contains a dozen others, known to and appreciated by a majority of the families in every State and Territory.

TERMS:

For Three Months, post-paid.....50 cts.
For Six Months.....$1.00

NASBY PORTRAIT FREE

Every subscriber to the BLADE, during the publication of Mrs. Locke's Essay, will receive free of charge a splendid

PORTRAIT OF D. R. LOCKE,

in the act of writing one of President Garfield's letters last Summer. This portrait in the picture stores would sell for 50c. It will not be put upon the market at all and can only be had by subscribers to THE BLADE.

Those desiring those letters complete and the portrait will do well to send their orders early. We shall print an extra edition, to be able to send back numbers, but the supply will doubtless be exhausted in a month or two. Order immediately.

Specimen Copies of THE BLADE mailed to any address upon application. Send your subscription thence. Address,

BLADE CO., Toledo, O.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE:
Columns 1-2-3-4-5-6-7—Nasby in Exile.
" 7—Supporting the Guns.
" 8—Phantoms of Promise (poetry.)
" 8—Female Nihilists.

SECOND PAGE:
Column 1—Miscellany.
" 2—Recent Publications.
" 3—Stray Scraps from Miss Schaffy (poetry.)
" 3-4-5-6—Miscellany.
" 6—Popular Science—Miscellany.

THIRD PAGE:
Column 1-2-3—Answers to Correspondents.
" 3—Delayed Subscriptions.
" 4—The Sunday School.
" 5—Miscellany.
" 6-7-8—Advertisements.

FOURTH PAGE:
Column 1—Editorial Paragraphs.
" 2—Review of the Week.
" 3-4-5-6-7—Editorials on Leading Topics
" 8—Current Events.

FIFTH PAGE:
Column 1-2—Letter from Buckeye—Correspondence.
" 3—Wholesale Massacre—Train Robbers.
" 4-5-6—Washington.
" 7—The Long Term.
" 8—Advertisements.

SIXTH PAGE:
Column 1-2-3-4-5-6—The Household—Miscellany.
" 6-7-8—Our Young Folks.

SEVENTH PAGE:
Column 1-2—The Farm.
" 3—Democratic Convention.
" 4—Rowell's Ruse.
" 5-6—A Brave Woman—Telegraphic News.
" 7-8—A Terrible Storm.

EIGHTH PAGE:
Column 1-2-3—Telegraphic Condensations.
" 4—The Minnesota Storm.
" 5—Telegraphic News.
" 6-7-8—Telegraphic Markets.

Circulation this Week, 83,000

REPORTS of the crops in Europe all unite in pronouncing them good, or at least fully up to the average.

GERMANY has 25 Universities, and the majority of them have from 20 to 100 American students each year.

THE renegade FORNEY is one of those who talk most glibly about "Half Breeds." He is of the stripe that usually do.

Nature has an article on "The Uses of Tails," but it does not so much as allude to PLATT'S relations to CONKLING.

THE murder of young PUGH by the Indians of New Mexico, extinguishes the family of the late Hon. GEO. E. PUGH.

THE loyal Britons grumble that the Queen buys the cheapest kind of champagnes and other wines for refreshments on State occasions.

THE fatal objection to the Vice Presidency is that there is never a man selected for it with reference to his succeeding the President.

IF you scratch a so called Stalwart you cannot help finding a professional placehunter, and a man who has contemplated or actually committed at some time or other, a betrayal of the party.

VENNOR says Chicago will have hot weather enough for them yet, as a second hot term is coming. This in answer to some one who wrote him that he had failed in his prophecies for that City.

JANE GRAY SWISSHELM is after Dr. J. K. BARNES, and recalls some unpleasant reminiscences of that gentleman's blunders which she became acquainted with while serving as nurse in an army hospital.

THE new minister to Peru, Hon. S. A. HURLBUT is instructed to assist in every possible way to rehabilitate the Government of the country. The probabilities are that he will find his task in that direction a severe one. Peru is in a deplorable state of confusion.

AN apprentice wrote to Mr. FIELD that he was too poor to give money to the fund for Mrs. GARFIELD, but if Mr. F. would find some work which he could do between the hours of 7:30 P. M. and 6 A. M., allowing him four hours to sleep he should be very glad, because he wanted to show that his friendship for the President was not "shaky."

THE Cincinnati *Enquirer* is in a high state of indignation because District Attorney CORKHILL does not make GUITEAU'S papers public. It is a pity that the *Enquirer's* laudable curiosity can not be gratified at the moment, but if it can hold itself together awhile longer it is probable that the cause of complaint will be taken away.

A JEWISH congregation was the first to offer up prayers for the President's recovery. The news of the shooting was communicated to a Washington Synagog within a few minutes of its occurrence, and all present at once joined in a fervent prayer that the President's life might be spared.

IT is said that the cost of living for college men at Harvard who make their appearance in the best society is not less than $1,500 a year, and at Yale it is $1,200. This is not for extravagant individuals either, but for those who are quite moderate in their desires.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

EVERY day since our last issue has brought with it most gratifying progress toward complete recovery of the President. At present every symptom is as favorable as could possibly be expected. In fact, the swift convalescence from such a terrible wound is one of the medical surprises of this decade. There is, we believe, not another instance on record where such a serious injury has healed so speedily and satisfactorily. This can be accounted for by the President's superb physical health, by the absence of any pernicious habits [with regard to whisky or tobacco, which would have] poisoned his blood, and rendered recovery almost impossible, by his own pluck in maintaining his spirits through the gravest crises and insisting on getting well, and, lastly, by the extraordinary care and attention he has received. Everything that art and skill could do to help him tide over the danger has been done. The medical skill and ingenuity of the whole Nation has been placed at the disposal of the wounded ruler, and every minute since he was stricken down he has had the benefit of every resource of science. So well has the distinguished patient profited by all this that now it is believed to be a question of very few weeks as to when he will be able to attend to all his duties as usual. All the crises have been passed in the most encouraging manner, and there is no contingency of any kind dreaded in the future. The wound is healing nicely, and on Sunday the physicians felt themselves justified in removing all restrictions from the diet.

MEANWHILE the ruffian GUITEAU remains secluded in prison, kept in entire ignorance of the fate of his victim, which is rightfully esteemed to be as severe punishment as could be inflicted upon him. He is denied all access to newspapers, and visitors are not permitted to see him, so that his morbid craving for sensational ising is rudely suppressed. There is no doubt that he suffers keenly under this deprivation. He desires nothing better than to pose and attitudinize, and prate about himself before a large crowd. There is no doubt that this was his main inducement for committing the crime. He had exhausted all the other resources of villainy; he was at his rope's ends as far as the ordinary devices of swindling, blackmailing and confidence games were concerned, and took this desperate resort to make himself a man of consequence and importance in the community that he had fleeced and swindled until it had come to thoroughly know and despise him.

THE Senatorial struggle at Albany had a new feature introduced into it last Saturday by the election of WARNER MILLER, one of the compromise candidates, to succeed PLATT. He received 76 votes, when 73 were necessary to a choice. Sens. SISSON, BAKER, and WINSLOW, Speaker SHARPE, and seven other Assemblymen went over to MILLER from CONKLING. An attempt was made to elect LAPHAM too, but it failed, more on account of mismanagement, it is claimed, than anything else. He will probably be elected this week.

HON. WARNER MILLER, Senator elect from New York, for six years, dating from the 4th of March last, is one of the younger Republicans of the State, a paper manufacturer of Herkimer County, and reputed to be a wealthy man. He was born in Oswego County in 1838, and graduated from Union College in 1860. He started in life as a teacher in the Fort Edward Institute. When the war broke out he entered the Fifth New York Cavalry Regiment as a private. He was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant, and being taken prisoner by the Rebels at the battle of Winchester, remained in captivity until the end of the war. In 1873 he was elected a Republican Assemblyman from Herkimer County, and was re-elected in 1874. He was elected to Congress in 1878 from the Twenty second District, and was again elected in 1880.

THE Democrats of Ohio held their Convention in Columbus last Wednesday, and nominated JOHN W. BOOKWALTER, a wealthy machinery manufacturer of Springfield, and the proprietor of the Leffel turbine wheel, for Governor. The nomination is not received by the party with enthusiasm Many of the party leaders charge Mr. BOOKWALTER with open and flagrant purchase of votes. EDWARD M. JOHNSON, a Jewish lawyer of Cincinnati, was nominated for Lieutenant Governor. The ticket generally is regarded as exceedingly weak, and the platform is a mass of trite and meaningless platitudes

THE most interesting foreign news this week is of the *coup d'etat* of Prince ALEXANDER, of Bulgaria, by which he has arranged to have everything his own way. The election which he ordered is over, and by fraud, intimidation, etc., he has succeeded in securing just such a new Assembly as he desired. It was made up of peasants who could not read or write and of persons who were sworn to obey the Prince's behests. Of course this Assembly voted the measures asked for and dispersed and now ALEXANDER has organized a Ministry composed of three Russians and an Austrian, and is in fact a supreme dictator instead of a constitutional monarch. So far the people appear to take matters very quietly, and even received the Prince enthusiastically upon his return to Sofia the other evening.

DON CARLOS, of Spain, was summarily ordered out of France a few days ago because he assumed too many of the appearances of royalty, a thing which is now looked upon with great disfavor by the French people. Last Thursday he and his wife went to a public mass, and were received in the church with royal honors. This and the fact that he assumes the prerogative of conferring all the Orders of the Spanish Crown probably caused his expulsion.

Now the retail dry-goods clerks of New York come forward with their grievances. But there is no chance for sympathy there. No man ought to be a dry-goods clerk. That is a woman's business. Let the aggrieved ones step down and out to where the Western harvesters will pay them more in one month than they can earn in New York in four. Their places will be better filled by the thousands of women in the City, who are pinching along the edges of starvation for the lack of just such employment.

THE VICE PRESIDENCY.

The Toledo BLADE has a rather ingenious article advocating the abolition of the Vice Presidency. It prints the names of all the Presidents and Vice Presidents, and assumes that only two of the latter—John Adams and Thomas Jefferson—were fit to succeed their chiefs; and they were elected to the Vice Presidency under the old system, which provided that the man getting the second highest number of votes for President should be made Vice President. The BLADE thinks that if the Vice President were abolished, "his place in the succession would be supplied by some man better fitted for the high office than he has ever been. Our history will show," says the BLADE, "that our Secretaries of State or of the Treasury, or the Speakers of the House of Representatives would have made much better Presidents than the Vice Presidents would, and we can lose nothing by vacating the office entirely." But there might be a question of eligibility. Men eligible to such positions as Secretary of State, Speaker of the House, are not always eligible to the Presidency. Besides, the States have voice in the election of Vice President, and to abolish that office might be to defeat the spirit of the Electoral system.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

We perhaps did not explain fully enough that we would have done in the event of the abolition of the useless and dangerous Vic Presidential office. We would simply have things remain otherwise as they are now. The provisions of the law regulating the succession are now:

Sec. 147. Whenever the offices of President and Vice President shall both become vacant, the Secretary of State shall forthwith cause a notification thereof to be made to the executive of every State and shall also cause the same to be published in at least one of the newspapers printed in each State.

Sec. 148.—The notification shall specify that Electors of a President and Vice President shall be appointed or chosen in the several States as follows:

First, If there shall be a space of two months yet to ensue between the date of such notification and the first Wednesday in December, and if the term in which the President and Vice-President last in office were elected will not expire on the third day of March next ensuing, the notification shall specify that the Electors shall be appointed or chosen within 34 days preceding the first Wednesday in December.

Second, If there not be the space of two months between the date of such notification and such first Wednesday in December, and if the term in which the President and Vice-President last in office were elected will not expire on the third day of March next ensuing, the notification shall specify that the Electors shall be appointed or chosen within 34 days preceding the first Wednesday in December next ensuing. But if there shall not be the space of two months between the date of such notification and the first Wednesday in December then next ensuing, and if the term for which the President and Vice President last in office were elected will expire on the third day of March next ensuing, the notification shall not specify that Electors are to be appointed or chosen.

All the alteration made by the abolition of the Vice Presidency would be that the Senate would elect one of its own members to preside over it, the same as the House does, and when a vacancy occured in the Presidential office this President of the Senate would be President *pro tem* of the United States until an election for the same could be held under a call by the Secretary of State.

We would then get rid of this "successor standing behind the President with an ax," as one of the Fathers of the Nation happily described the Vice President. We would get rid of a fourth or fifth-rate fellow, who always will, as he always has, represent the lower strata or faction of the dominant party who is always selected as a bit of consolation sop, in the interest of "harmony," and never with the slightest reference to his fitness, and whom it will always be to the interest of the less reputable portion of the party to have succeed to the Presidency.

One single pregnant illustration will show to the thinking man the constant danger that the Vice Presidential office is to the country. The formation of the Presidential ticket of 1856 was no doubt one of the cunning parts of the grand plot of the Secession conspirators. The same wily management which filled the field offices of our regular regiments with men who sympathized with the South and gave command of the naval vessels to the same class, arranged it so that the Democratic ticket should be composed of one stool pigeon to delude the North, and cover a reliable Secessionist, who could be uncovered at any moment that the exigencies of the plot demanded it. It is a firm belief among many well-informed people that one reason of BUCHANAN'S supple subserviency to the schemes of the Secessionists was physical cowardice. After the National Hotel poisoning affair he knew that it was the policy of the conspirators to get rid of him if possible, that they might have JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE administer the Government in accordance with their designs. BUCHANAN only saved his life by his readiness to do all that they asked him. He could not do as much for them as BRECKENRIDGE, but he would do all that he could, and he did.

Now, supposing there had been no arrant Rebel ready to step into BUCHANAN'S shoes when the hand of the assassin emptied them, there would have been no fear of assassination. If it were arranged that if BUCHANAN died the President *pro tem.* of the Senate should be President until a new election could be had, the desire for a change would have been slight indeed.

But the main objection to a Vice President has no reference whatever to the possibility of the removal of the President by violence committed in the interests of a designing clique. All our Presidents come into office at an advanced age—the average being about 60. The tenure of life then is precarious, and the great and unusual burdens they assume make it much more so. The danger that they will not live out their term is always very considerable, [in which event that they are invariably succeeded by men who are unworthy to be their successors, and whom the people would never, by any possibility, have elected to the office. Supposing that LINCOLN had died during his first term how could HANNIBAL HAMLIN have conducted the country through the terrible struggle? It would have been worse even than ANDREW JOHNSON'S almost fatal mismanagement of Reconstruction. Supposing that GRANT had died during either of his terms with what sort of success could HENRY WILSON or SCHUYLER COLFAX have coped with the gigantic problems he had to deal with? More unfit men for the leadership of those exalting times could hardly have been picked out, than the four who sat in the second places during those vitally important 16 years of the Nation's life.

AGENTS WANTED.

Now is an excellent time for agents to make up clubs for the Weekly BLADE. The Nasby letters from Europe have commenced, and we offer the BLADE three months, and a very fine portrait of D. R. LOCKE (Nasby) for 50 cents. For clubs of five we give a very liberal discount, and any person can canvass for a few days and make a nice thing for themselves and neighbors. We want an agent at every Postoffice in the United States to work up a short time club before it will be too late to get the first of the Nasby letters. Write for special terms and specimen copies of the BLADE.

WILL WE HAVE A PANIC?

The undeniable shortage in the wheat crop, and the equally undeniable delirium in stock speculation following a glut in the money market have aroused the fears of all thinking men of a financial convulsion to burst on the country in September.

The reasons upon which these apprehensions are based are certainly weighty.

For the past six years there has been an enormous flow of money from Europe to this country.

We were blessed with a wonderful succession of good crops, while the Nations beyond the Atlantic were afflicted with poor ones, and they were consequently compelled to purchase our surplus at good prices. For awhile they sent back to us in payment our bonds and securities, with which we had flooded Europe in the extravagant days prior to the fatal September of 1873. These being exhausted they sent us gold in quantities that speedily rose to the proportions of an enormous stream. Never since the Spaniards plundered the hoarded treasures of the MONTEZUMAS and the Incas did such vast quantities of bullion cross the Atlantic.

Not only has there been no employment for these vast sums, but amounts equally great, which have accumulated from the ordinary prosecution of successful business in the country, have lain idle in all the banks and depositories. Everybody has made money, but, taught by the disasters of the years following 1873, he has feared to invest it in manufactures and other ventures, and has put it in bonds or allowed it to lie idle. It is for this reason that we have the unprecedented phenomena of United States bonds bearing only 4 per cent. interest selling in the market for 117-18.

The next notable fact is that this vast reservoir of idle money undergoes the usual phenomena of stagnation in the development of unhealthy fermentation and movement. Healthy employment being denied it, unhealthy employment is resorted to, and we find all sorts of worthless and doubtful stocks going up like a balloon.

If this were confined to the stock gamblers on Wall street no great harm would be done. But the stock gambling business has been organized and developed as all others have, until the whole country is covered by the operations of those engaged in it. The brokers and other sharps in New York are not gambling with their own money nor yet with that accumulated in the banks of that City. They have perfected their system until they have their "customers," as they call them in formal business communications—their "lambs," as they speak of their victims among themselves—in every City, Town, and crossroads between the two oceans. It has become so that whoever can raise $5 for "a flyer on Wall street," can find a "broker" who will "blow it in" for him, and return him formal "statements," which will make the low-salaried clerk in some Nebraska Village, or the ambitious boy mechanic in an obscure cross-roads imagine himself an "operator in Wall street," and a fellow-speculator with VANDERBILT and GOULD.

The ramifications of this wretched business extend over the whole country. Go where one will, clerks, mechanics, bar-keepers, street car conductors, etc., will be found poring anxiously over the tapes of tickers, the financial columns of papers, or the statements of broker sharps, to follow the fluctuations of securities, in which they have sunk their much needed pittances.

The aggregate volume of these multitudinous rills is immense, and it bears on its breast mountain-heaps of worthless stocks that no well-informed business man would invest his money in any more than he would throw it in the fire.

"It is the country which is running up these non-dividend paying stocks," say the New York operators with a smirk, which tells how well aware they are of the fact that the whole people are being fleeced by a system which is as disreputable as the sawdust swindles of the late ELLIS H. ELIAS.

This, with other things, has inflated the stock balloon until it is evident that the slightest cause may produce a collapse.

This cause, it is believed, will be furnished by the great falling off of our wheat crop, which, leaving us much less to send abroad, will abruptly stop the stream of gold from Europe, and by taking away a main stay from the market "let the bottom drop out of everything."

But while there will probably be a stock panic in September, when the demand for money to move the crops calls in vast sums now employed in speculative purposes, it is not at all likely that the flurry will have any influence on the business of the country. These stock panics, which come along at regular intervals between the great panics, never do. We had perhaps a half-dozen of them between the panics of 1857 and 1873, but none of them, not even the great Black Friday, affected business at large. The operators get maimed or slain, and many business men who have gone out of their legitimate vocations to dabble in stocks, pay a sharp penalty for their folly, but this is all. No one who is going on according to sound business rules, keeping his means in his business, as nine tenths of our commercial men are doing to-day, need have the slightest uneasiness.

There is absolutely nothing upon which to feed a panic outside of stocks. Except in them there has been no inflation of values; in many of the leading lines of property there has been no perceptible advance upon the prices marked out by the great shrinksge. People generally are out of debt, and in as healthy a financial condition as they ever were. There will be no stringency of money except to stock speculators, and prices of all manner of merchandize and produce will continue to rise. All the precautions necessary for a prudent business man is to keep his money out of stocks, and then he will be safe.

TWO GOOD BOOKS.

We have but a few copies left of that remarkable cheap book "The Struggles of Nasby," which we have been mailing post-paid for $1.25. It is a very fine illustrated subscription book of over 600 pages, and has never before been sold for less than $3. We have mailed thousands of them during the past three months, and we have but a few copies left.

Another book of equal value, but of another character, is "Bible Biography." We are also mailing this for $1.25. For description see advertisement on the fifth page of this paper.

On receipt of $2.50 we will for a time mail either of above books, the portrait of LOCKE, and the Weekly BLADE one year.

REMOVE SAMUEL D. STURGIS.

The President's excellent prospects for ultimate recovery permits a diversion of some of the attention which his condition has heretofore engrossed, to other matters which urgently require attention. The first of these is the prompt removal of SAMUEL D. STURGIS from the position of Superintendent of the National Soldiers' Home at Washington. His occupancy of that place is a disgrace to the institution, and an insult to every soldier in the Nation who did his duty during the war.

An institution like the Soldier's Home should be presided over by a man whose soldierly character and career has in it that which commands respect and admiration. It is one of the most desirable places in the Regular Army,—it is the one above all the others which the older officers covet, and aspire to. Very handsome quarters in the suburbs of the National capital, with grounds so elegant and spacious as to make them one of the most agreeable sights around Washington, a first-class social position in a City where social position counts for more than anywhere else in the Nation, and with just duty enough to keep up the idea of one's official importance, are some of the considerations that make the Superintendency of the Soldier's Home seem like a heaven to an officer who has spent the best years of his life on a lonely frontier post, and desires some well earned enjoyment in this world, before passing to the next.

It is for these very excellent reasons that the post should be kept as a plum for the most deserving officer in the army, and not given, as in this instance, to the one most conspicuously undeserving. It should be reserved as a reward of merit to distinguish the man whose soldiership shall be pronounced by his comrades most worthy of distinction. A meritorious career extended over many years should be the sole consideration governing the appointment, and this not only because of justice to the recipient of the favor, but equally so because of the effect upon the service.

The Rebel Copperhead West-Point clique which controls the administration of the Army flagrantly disregarded all these considerations in the selection of STURGIS for this position. The record of this pet of theirs is one long series of blotches and tarnishes His army career was a succession of failures and botched enterprises. He never was entrusted with a duty that he performed properly; he never conducted a matter to a successful conclusion; his loyalty was always doubtful, his habits disreputable, and his drunken imbecility at last brought about a most shameful disaster, in which the lives of thousands of gallant veterans were lost, and millions worth of much-needed military stores thrown into the hands of the Rebels, while STURGIS himself, making no effort whatever to save either his men or his stores, skulked back to Memphis and resumed his billiard playing and loafing about drinking saloons, without an apparent thought for his own shame, or the fate of the brave men whom he had abandoned.

To have him selected for this honor is to taunt every man of honorable career in the Army; it is to proclaim aloud how much more powerful courtiership is than soldiership to procure favors at headquarters; it is to elevate the man whom, next to BANKS brought the most disgrace to the National arms during the War; it is to insult the memory of nearly 3,000 brave men, whose bones are whitening on the battlefield at Guntown or in the cemetery at Andersonville,—rotting in graves to which they were sent by STURGIS'S drunkenness and imbecility. If this sodden brained destroyer of men is to be thus honored and cared for, then our whole Army system and practices are disgracefully rotten and stink with villenies.

THE PRESIDENT'S LIFE.

Every day that goes by makes the danger of a vacancy in the Presidential chair by the death of the Nation's choice more and more improbable, and relieves the minds of those who feared that there was a possibility of "chaos," since nothing would stand, they believed, between that and order but the life of the Vice President. That this was the necessary and deplorable consequence of a Presidential interregnum the BLADE does not at all believe, for the Nation is too self-controlled, the love for law too dominant, to allow anything of that kind. Concerning these characteristics the New York *Times* well said some days ago:

Although the appalling crime which has brought the Chief Magistrate of the nation to death's door threw the Government into apparent confusion, the machinery of public affairs has moved right on as though nothing had happened. No public business has been delayed, no mail service has shown signs of hindrance or paralysis, and no man who has had any legitimate business with any branch of the National Government has been put off until a more convenient season. Nothing can more forcibly illustrate than these facts the solidity and stability of Republican institutions."

It will be some time, even if Pres. GARFIELD goes on improving, before he can be well enough to attend to public matters. Meanwhile, does any one imagine that things will be thrown into confusion thereby? Neither would there have been any anarchy or chaos had both he and ARTHUR died. It might have caused a confusion for a time, a thing always to be deprecated in the affairs of Government.

The fact, however, that the life of the Chief Magistrate is so valuable to the country, even though its sudden loss is not destructive to good order, would indicate that attempts to take it, ought to be treated as a capital offence and punished with death. As the law stands now, GUITEAU can only be imprisoned at hard labor from two to eight years, the last being the longest time allowed for such an offence in the District of Columbia. Of course, compared with the heinousness of the offence which has wrung a Nation with anxiety and sorrow this is a mere nothing, and he goes forth ready to repeat the attempt should the idea enter his crazy head that it would be a good thing. Let an attempt to assassinate a President be declared high treason by the Constitution, while it might not hinder such mad freaks, it would, as a contemporary aptly observes, prevent a repetition by the same person.

THE NASBY PAMPHLETS.

These humorous little pamphlets written by Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby, are having an enormous sale. We send them, post-paid, on receipt of price named below, and they afford more than the money's worth of amusement. They are as follows:

Nasby as a Banker (illustrated), price 10 cents.

The Democratic John Bunyan (illustrated), price 10 cents.

Diary of an Office Seeker, price 15 cents or all three for 30 cents.

WORTH CONSIDERING.

It has been suggested, and the suggestion has been most happily received, that a good, sound flogging be added to whatever other punishment may be meted out to GUITEAU. The prescription is admirably suited to the diagnosis of the case. The dominant element in GUITEAU'S composition is vanity. This was, in fact, the main and only motive of his crime, and he gets his reward in being the object of world-wide attention. He is swollen and puffed up over this notoriety, which he cannot distinguish from fame, and he no doubt regards himself as one who has secured a position among the men of note of this age.

The most effectual way to punish him, and discourage similar crimes by similar conceited rascals is to puncture that bladder of gaseous vanity, and show him that the world esteems his act that of a cowardly villain. Nothing will do this so effectually as the degradation of the lash. There is a wonderful moral potency in the keen touch of the whip thong swung by the hand of an officer of justice. Its stinging stripe across a scoundrel's bare back is a more forcible explanation to him of society's opinion of his offense than can be made by the tongue of an angel. Burning words fall unheeded on dull ears, but the swish of the lash brings with it keen attention.

GUITEAU could doubtless, as thousands of villains have done before him, go to the scaffold with the outward firmness of a hero. The preparations for the execution, the wide-spread attention that a condemned man always receives, the thousands of columns that would be filled with minute accounts of his hourly appearance, doings and sayings, the sensation that he would know would thrill the world as his last hour approached, and when justice had done its utmost, would all be such sweet incense to his ravenous soul that it would intoxicate him into a mood of almost heroic exaltation. But it would be quite another thing to take the miscreant out into the jail yard, remove the clothing from the upper part of his body, tie his hands to a cross piece above his head, and have "40 stripes save one" laid upon his back by the willing hand of a burly negro. The atmosphere of mock heroics with which he has surrounded himself would disappear as the keen lash whistled through the air, like a fog is scattered by the first rays of the sun, and he would slink back to his cell at the end an abject, cowering hound, who knew that there was absolutely no one who did not heartily despise him.

We do not know whether the laws of the District of Columbia permit the use of the lash or not. But it is possible that they do, for the common law is still the principal part of the code there, as it is almost all over the South, and that magnificent system of jurisprudence has a great partiality for the whip as a means of holding villainy in subjection. If there can be found any legal warrant for it, the administration of the cat o' nine tails in heroic doses, the people of the United States will say with acclamation, Let it be done, and the fellow be made a spectacle of before the Nation he has insulted, as a cringing cur, writhing under the ignominy of a physical punishment such as is bestowed upon a mangy, prowling dog.

THE LAND BILL.

The Land Bill still drags its slow length along in Parliament, and does not seem near its end either by passage or failure. At present the Home Rule members are fighting the emigration clause, though why they should do so, unless for the especial purpose of defeating the bill, it is hard to see. There is nothing compulsory about it. No one will be obliged to leave Ireland unless he chooses, and then the Government will assist him to do so in a comfortable manner.

Mr. GLADSTONE expressed his feelings in regard to these obstructionists in a very emphatic manner. He denounced them as an insignificant minority who were endeavoring to impede legislation, and whom the House must resist if it were to keep a dignified position in the eyes of the people. His speech produced a strong effect, and members who had hitherto supported the Home Rulers now expressed great indignation.

It does appear to lookers on that the home rulers have no real ground for their opposition. One member claimed that the emigration clause was an attempt to depopulate Ireland which was already too thinly settled. Compared with the population in the agricultural parts of our own Country and it seems anything but that It certainly is not if it is true that so much of the land is infertile and useless, but rather the people are too many. At any rate it is a poor policy to throw these obstructions in the way of the land bill which is the only promise Ireland has for the future.

ANDERSONVILLE.

The book "Andersonville" should be in the library of every loyal citizen of the United States. It is the only authentic record of the most horrible crime ever perpetrated against humanity ever printed, and is written in so graphic a style as to possess all the fascination of a work of fiction.

It has had the largest sale of any book published for years, but there is yet good territory that has not been worked. The book is a handsome volume of over 650 pages, profusely illustrated, and sells faster than any book on the market. It is sold only by subscription, and agents make better salaries than with any book ever sold in this way. Full particulars sent to any address free. Address Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O., or Boston, Mass.

THE New York *World* speaking of the opposition to the proposed fund for Mrs. GARFIELD on the ground that it would establish a "precedent" says:

"Now we take leave to say that the people who talk in this way entirely misconceive both the situation and the temper of the American people. It is not true that assassination either has been or is likely to become an appreciable danger to the President of the United States, or that any sane manager of a life insurance company would demand a dollar more of premium from the President by reason of the special risk of murder to which he is exposed. Guiteau's crime is an insult and a disgrace to the American people, and it behooves the American people to show their sense of this insult and this disgrace. The action of the Chamber of Commerce was the spontaneous and uncalculated expression of a patriotic impulse, which all Americans feel, and it is in order that all Americans may have a chance of giving expression to the same impulse that the *World* has proposed that the subscription should be made national. To suppose that such a subscription would set any "precedent" good or bad, is not merely to do an absurd thing; it is to assume that there is appreciable danger that the crime of Guiteau might be repeated."

OUR HUMOROUS POSTER.

We are mailing thousands of our new posters, illustrating Nasby's travels in Europe, to applicants from all quarters. It is a comical illustration of the old Parson, and we mail them free to any person who will post them in a conspicuous place.

THE LASH AS A CORRECTIVE.

The opposition to the lash as a means for punishment for criminals comes from that maudlin sentimentality which would treat the criminal as a spoiled child, to be coaxed and bribed into acting properly. The goody goody gushers of this school are trying to have the Michigan authorities abolish the hair-cropping and the striped uniforms for the convicts in the Penitentiary, because these marks of degradation have such a destructive influence upon the convict's sensitive self-respect that he never has the heart afterward to try to be good.

This is the cant of weak, driveling souls, who themselves liable at any time to be knocked over with a feather, imagine all the rest of mankind as readily influenced by trifling causes. But they should know that their unhealthy impressibility is no criterion by which to gage normal humanity.

Men and women, as MRS. PARTINGTON sagely remarks, have a great deal of human nater in 'em, and that human nater is largely animal nature, which yearns for physical comforts, and is keenly alive to physical pain. This is especially true of the class of criminals, for their offenses themselves argue that their finer feelings have long been subordinated to their physical desires and appetites. Obviously, then, there is but one sure way to reach the sensibilities of this class, and that is through corporal pain or discomfort.

Experience confirms what theory suggests. The element of force—physical force, and of mental force, that controls and directs physical force—is the dominating one in all the affairs of life. It must certainly be so in the treatment of criminals, who employ force to vicious ends, and must be controlled by a direct application of force, greater and more to be dreaded than their own.

There is no doubt in the minds of all students of the management of criminals that some form of physical punishment is indispensable. The abolition of the lash was a great mistake. Its absence is continually felt by all who have to do with criminals, and in the penitentiaries and elsewhere a number of devices have been substituted which have all the repulsive features of the whipping post, and frequently more, without its salutary simplicity, and impressive directness. Take for example the "ducking" which is employed in some penitentiaries. In order to be as effective as whipping it must be made as painful as one, so there is nothing gained in what is falsely called "humanity," while the operation is difficult, complicated, and liable to result in life-long injury to the convict.

A vast amount of unjust abuse is showered upon Delaware for her retention of the whipping post, but the advantages of the same are so marked and evident that her people feel as if they more than compensate them for any disesteem that their State may have in the eyes of their neighbors, and the thieves and rascals of the neighboring Cities of Baltimore and Philadelphia have an aversion to the land of the BAYARDS and SAULSBURYS that is almost insurmountable. Delaware jails are not filled up with petty criminals, growing sleek and fat at the expense of the tax payers, and getting a comfortable rest for future operations.

The English have recently restored flogging for garoting and other aggravated assaults upon the person, and it is claimed that this has been attended with the best results. Nothing so discourages a rascal from inflicting pain upon others as to have pain inflicted upon himself.

This question has special pertinence at this juncture, when the punishment GUITEAU should receive is a leading one in the public mind. There is an intense antipathy to accepting as sufficient the penalty affixed by the laws of the District of Columbia to the offense of assaulting with intent to kill—that is imprisonment for from 1 to 8 years. There has been a hint of endeavoring to make the two shots fired two separate offenses, and so double the punishment, but it is very doubtful if this can be done, and if done would give only limited satisfaction, for it is felt that such a scoundrel should never be allowed to breathe the air of freedom again. But there is something more needed than mere length of imprisonment to mark the public opinion of the heinousness of the crime. A flogging would be something in this direction, as it would rudely tear away the baneful atmosphere of mock-heroics with which GUITEAU seeks to invest his action, and show him to himself, and to all rascals similarly inclined as a despicable dastard, for whom there can only be horror and contempt. To treat him as an ordinary criminal is to offer a premium for all morbid notoriety-seekers to imitate his example. Let him be flogged, by all means.

THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT.

In the course of time every one of the 85,000 families who are now subscribers to the BLADE, will become possessed of a copy of the Revised New Testament. While most sensible people may never discard their old standard Bible to give place to the new, yet it is very desirable that every family have a copy of the revision to use as a commentary.

So many editions of this work have been announced for sale at various prices, that the purchaser is at a loss to know which edition is the best for the money. The many cheap editions in paper covers are unsatisfactory, as being printed in fine type, and trying to the eyes of both old and young. On the other hand the fine, high-priced editions do not meet with favor, as the masses are not yet disposed to invest a fancy price in a work they know nothing about. For the purpose of accommodating the readers of the BLADE we have made arrangements to furnish what is in our judgment the very best edition yet published, at the popular price of $1.00, post-paid by mail, as announced in our advertising columns on 5th page. This edition is a book of 500 pages, printed on good paper, with very plain long-primer type. It is an accurate re-print of the celebrated Oxford (England) edition, with all the marginal notes and the preface in full. The Ad denda gives a list of readings and renderings preferred by the American Committee, recorded at their desire.

We are now prepared to fill orders by mail at $1.00 for thousands of this popular edition, and assure our readers it is just the thing for all. We also have the same bound in morocco at $1.50.

THE hottest day of the season was last Monday, and the Signal Service reports show that the hot wave extended from the Gulf of Mexico to within 200 miles of the Lake Region, and the intensest heat was felt on its northern edge. This is probably true, as the temperature at Cincinnati rose to 103.5 last Monday, causing 12 deaths from sunstroke.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The loss by the cyclone in New Ulm, Minn., will foot up $300,000.——The Pennsylvania act making tramping a penal offense has had the effect to rid that State of a large number of loafers too lazy to work.——Lewis Rockwell, said to be 101 years old, died at Milford, Pa., Saturday.——"Bonesetter," the famous trotting horse, dropped dead on the track at Pittsburg. He was valued at $15,000.——John A. Appleton, of the well-known publishing house of D. Appleton & Co., New York, died Friday, aged 65.——The United States Supreme Court is three years behind on its calendar.——The Elevated Railroads of New York are in the hands of receivers.——The latest dodge is that of marriage insurance. A class of 1,000 is organized each member agreeing to pay $1 on the marriage of a member, the "manager" charging a small per centage for collecting. A young lady of Pennsylvania, where the insurance mania is at fever heat, paid $10 in assessments, and seeing no chance for herself, withdrew, with the remark that such an institution might be a good thing for young men, but it was a poor investment for women, who had no chance to go a-courtin.——It looks as though another division among the already much-divided Lutherans cannot be long avoided. The doctrine on which the Lutheran Synodical Conference is splitting is predestination, one part of the Church holding to and the other rejecting the belief that God foreordains some men to be lost and some to be saved.——Philadelphia tobacco dealers are alarmed at the influx into their market of Lancaster-made cigars that are sold at $10 a thousand, including the Government tax of $6 a thousand. This is at the rate of five cigars for two cents. It is said that they are really made of tobacco, and a dealer admits that they are as good as the cigars he

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

Alaska.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

WASHINGTON, July 13, 1881.

In the July number of the *Methodist Quarterly Review* is a carefully prepared article on Alaska, giving some information made up from sources not accessible to our new territory, which is respectfully commended to the readers of the BLADE. The first paragraph I find that the geographical area of the purchase, including the islands, is more than 580,000 square miles, which is nearly one-fifth of the whole former territory of the United States. Its greatest extent from east to west is 2,300 miles and from north to south 1,600 miles. It has a coast line of more than 26,000 miles.

The climate of Alaska has been greatly misrepresented. Its latitude is not much farther from that of Ireland and Great Britain, and its climate is under similar influences. The waters of the great Pacific ocean, lying long under the direct power of the tropical sun, move away toward the east and north in well known currents, one of which strikes the Western coast above Columbia River and another from there through the whole coast line of Alaska to Behring's Straits. Hence a warm tide flows on the American side of the Pacific, and there the air swoons over the warm water, loaded with moisture, making more fog and drizzle than is agreeable, but preventing any great degree of cold. I notice that Nasby refers to the inevitable umbrella in his impressions of England, and those who read his letters get a pretty good idea of what is to be found on the long shore line of Alaska. At Sitka the average of the thermometer during the Winter is 35°. In November, 18° and over rises above zero. At Nulato Sound (latitude 65) the mean for Winter is about 55° and for Winter 37°. At Fort Yukon in the interior, 66° the mean for Summer is 59° and for Winter 27°.

The surface of the country is broken by mountain ranges which have not been thoroughly explored. One shoots off from the Rocky Mountain range is projected up towards the southeast, while the Rocky Mountain range is projected up towards the northwest, and, still nearer the coast, is a collection of the Cascade range. The valleys are beautiful in grass and timber, but not suited to grain. Fruit trees do not flourish, but small fruits are prolific, and of the best quality. Turnips, beets, carrots, cabbages, etc., thrive well, and at Sitka, Cook's Inlet and some other places general agriculture may be advantageously pursued. Cattle and sheep should thrive well in the interior.

But the wealth of the country is not to be found in its agriculture, but in its mines, its immense timber region, its splendid fisheries and its seals. There are no such salmon fisheries in the world, and the rivers and bays abound with other food fishes which, in the course of time, must be of great commercial importance. At present the seal islands are the source of profit to the government, and it is found that the number of seals taken annually under the limited regulations does not fall off. The country also abounds with other species of fur-bearing animals. The fox, marten, mink, beaver, otter, lynx, wolverine and black bear rove through the forests at will, and over 40,000 skins found their way to market last year.

When this purchase was first made there was a general feeling that it was a mistake, and the people threw up their hands and exclaimed, "Seward's folly and polar bears!" But there are no polar bears in this country, and the folly is not yet apparent. The purchase price was $7,200,000 in gold. The interest on this amount of bonds at the rates recently negotiated by Sec. Windom (6% per cent.) is $252,000, while the annual income from the two seal islands alone is more than $317,000. But the great resources of the country are probably to be found in its fisheries and in its inexhaustible timber. The timber is not generally the best for commercial purposes, but much of it can be largely used and some of it is very valuable. In the Yukon Valley is abundance of white spruce, which is represented as growing straight to the height of 50 and 100 feet, and as being valuable for building purposes and spars. Birch, poplars, willows, larches, the yellow cedar, hemlock and, balsom of fir are also found.

The Yukon river, one of the largest in the world, was represented in the old maps as emptying in the Arctic Sea, a long distance from Behring's Straits, but Baron Wrangell's immense flood is poured into the Pacific, between the Peninsula of Alaska and the Straits. Its waters abound in fish, and also those of the other rivers and bays. Indeed, Alaska is so rich in fish that its streams seem like the proverbial exaggerations of travelers—salmon, cod, herring, halibut and mackerel must soon take their place among the leading productions of the country.

In regard to the population of Alaska the numbers of the native tribes appear to have been considerably over-estimated. When the territory was transferred to the United States, the Russians estimated the population at 66,000, Gen. Halleck, in his report to the Secretary of War in 1869, made the native population 60,000. But the agent of the census office, sent out specially to investigate as to the condition and number of people; after his long journey of near 9,000 miles, reports, as the result of his researches, that the native population is about 28,000 and the whites and creoles 2,000 more, making in all 30,000. Of course his report is largely based on estimate. But under the circumstances it may be taken as the most authoritative statement, thus far made.

What Alaska needs most of all is a government which has some power to regulate its affairs, punish crime and promote intercommunication between its widely separated points. At present a naval vessel occasionally goes from part of the coast as a sort of show for the National authority, a Collector, with the necessary sub-Collectors, an agent for the seal Islands and a few other minor officers are sent at the same time, and as soon as these are seen that the General Government takes any interest in its purchase. It is 14 years since this immense territory was ceded to us; but Congress still turns a deaf ear to all its calls for help and only takes care that it pays over a remunerative revenue.

Of the Indians, those along the coast are generally like the Indians of Oregon. They are rather above the ordinary run of Indian intelligence, free from crimes and disposed to habits of industry. They are, however, greatly addicted to the use of rum and intoxicating liquors, but are not so violent under the influence of stimulants, as other Indians. They also submit to civilizing processes with a better grace than our North American Indians. As yet but little missionary work has been done among them by the Protestant churches; but the Presbyterians have made some progress in that direction, and other denominations are moving. The article from which we derive these facts urges the Methodist Church to take hold of this work at once and in earnest. BUCKEYE.

P. S.—Everything in the condition of the President is assuring and the feeling of confidence in his recovery is almost universal. The weather is exceedingly oppressive, the thermometer showing at its best 98 and 100, but a cooling apparatus has been extemporized at the White House, which works admirably and keeps the temperature at any desirable gradation. Guiteau remains in jail, as confident as ever, and appears to think that he is a very important individual. B.

CALIFORNIA.

Overland to the Pacific, and the Scenes on the Route.

SANTA BARBARA, July 4, 1881.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

The first few days of this sunny slope were very blue for me. Those few days were spent on the ocean steamer between San Francisco and Santa Barbara. Everybody on board was feeding, with reluctance, the sea lions; the nights were disagreeably cool, and since then the sun has come with sparing warmth. I have not yet been particularly charmed with the climate as it is displayed here, but when the weather is particularly disagreeable and a stranger is bold enough to say anything ironical about "the glorious, etc.," he rarely ever escapes assassination; but if he enthusiastically remarks—"What a color!" and "every drop is a grain of wheat," it makes no difference where he is, under his own umbrella or another man's—he will have friends—friends who will confidentially tell him that "California is the greatest State in the Union," that there ain't a thing she can't raise bigger'n any country in the world; that Heaven can't touch her climate, in fact that this is an exceptional season and that 'Frisco is not a fair sample of California neither. The men of '49 have held everybody for years in such abject fear, that it is only until lately that a man ever escaped alive, who had fought against California's climate. There is some good climate somewhere in the State, and when I find it I shall let you know. The overland route is barren enough to starve a man who is going across it at the rate of 40 miles an hour, and provided with six days lunch. The saddest incidents of the trip grow to be exciting after a day's rushing into the Great American desert. You want to address every woman in the car by her first name for the sake of familiar affection and you are overwhelmed with delight if you see a man tip a brunet flask to his lips; it gives you a chance to boldly insert about 12 inches of a long necked bottle into your blistered larynx, and begin to eject a spiritual vacuity into the bottle. You are betrayed into uncontrollable enthusiasm by the appearance of a toothless squaw, with her not more toothless papoose at some lone water bank, waiting to shower polyglot version upon the liberal traveler who bestows upon this child of the forest, (with the nearest forest 1,000 miles away) a suspender button or a broken cigaret for the lofty Bedouin, her ham-colored lord, who, in the distance, on the sandy plain, reclines monarchially beneath the shade of a two-inch pole. Enthusiasm I say, not only for the noble red profligate in the distance, but also for the whole red family, whose ancestors have tomahawked their way to the farther edge of existence, and who, with their Dutch guardian, are supplying our army with respectable employment.

IF YOU ARE UNPROVIDED WITH A LUNCH, the pangs of starvation ruin your stomach before the next lunch station is reached (the lunch stations are all the way from 200 to 1,100 miles apart,) and you feel like a trough, as you walk up to a counter of hard boiled eggs, presided over by a dignified and well-armed villain. He pours from a blistered coffee pot some of that precious black liquid which may have been fresh when you left Chicago three days before, though even that is doubtful, a sandwich, encasing a string of fat that originally formed the boundary line between two pieces of ham, is brought. You swallow an egg that lodges and completely blocks the channel of respiration; you get half way to the end of your string, and with six inches of boiled coffee in the well, the signal—"all aboard" starts you. It is useless to hold aloft a trade dollar and shout, "I have no change, I'll send it to you." They never change anything so small as that at a lunch-counter on the Central Pacific, and you part with it. Once more aboard the car, and sunk into the seat that has long been accurately conformed to the shape of your body, you feel just like another ostrich would under similar circumstances. You look just like that familiar picture entitled "Before Taking," only you have taken it. But if you have a lunch, you raise your window and smile complacently at the alighting passengers, as you arrange bottles, cans and cups on the ledge, preparatory to spreading your bread thick, and having some comfort. The lid from the butter jar is removed, the bread sliced and pickle bottle uncorked; you are hurriedly spreading a slice of the staff-of-life, and looking hungrily on a glass of red jelly from the Oneida community, when, crash! you are pitched (with both hands extended into the capacious lunch basket) against the heavily cushioned; the pickle bottle tosses and empties a libation of vinegar into the pocket containing your cigars and cigarett tobacco; the jelly receives it as you regain your seat, and the music of broken glass floats in at the open window and proclaims the destruction of a bottle of liniment. It is nothing but a car from some branch road being shot into your train. You scrape things from the velvet cushions and proceed in omnivorous haste to make up for lost time. Then a cloud of sand fills your eyes, and peppers everything. If no one is in the car, two or three samples of rasping profanity follow, until you can get your eyes open, and the gratification of hunger proceeds. "All aboard!" and the car again receives its hurrying occupants; two or three vicious jerks from the engine and off you go. Everybody inspects your lunch and minds everything but his or her business, a new conductor hollows, "Tickets!" and viciously inspects you while he punches yours. You defiantly reciprocate the inspection and would like to do the same with the punch. As you gather up fragments enough to fill seven baskets, the resolution is calmly made: "The next time I go across this beastly continent, I'll go by boat."

SOME PLEASURES.

There are, however, some pleasures on the way. When the Wasatch Range, in Utah, is reached, the scenery is certainly grand and inspiring. The mountains rise from the track to startling hights, and you look up to their snow-clad peaks with an awful fear of falling crags or loosened avalanches. The sky seems cleft and pours upon steeps the azure bath. Sight is intoxicated with the everlasting anthem that their uplifted heads sing in silence to the majesty of the Eternal. But this lasts about three hours, and its ennobling effects are entirely destroyed by boiled eggs at Ogden, where a change is made for Salt Lake passengers.

Enough of this overland misery. I'll tell you all about it another time, or hear you tell of it when you have just "come over." But let me tell you that it costs fabulous sums of money. I have come to the conclusion that it is more expensive to travel on that road with a pass than to pay for first class passage, and fee the porter at every station, on any other line in the United States.

During my stay in San Francisco I visited the Cliff House, which has many attractions, and a splendid view of the Pacific. Have walked through Chinatown and seen the wild-eyed heathen in all his varieties. I have heard Chinese music in a Chinese theater, and am prepared to say, that for discordant discords there is nothing that will surpass it. It lacks the fire of a bloody Chinese law orchestra and is less musical. It does not possess the smooth regularity of a carefully constructed steam machine on a well appointed stage. It has not the tenacity of a Mark Twain's German band, nor the variety of the less notes of an accordeon, but it consists of a dreamy action, profusely anointed with rattling imbecility, and is produced by the concerted action of an opium-saturated crowd of Mongolians, actuated by idiotic and irregular impulses to insipidly saw a loosely stringed instrument, lazily hammer a kettle drum, unemphatically clash two or three pairs of cymbals and softly rattle a heathenish rattle-box filled with chips. The effect can be imagined, never described. "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." That is certainly all that can be said for Chinese music.

SAN FRANCISCO.

There are many strange things about San Francisco that makes it attractive. The absence of very low temperature permits open stalls and booths the year round. The peculiar arrangement of streets running into each other at different angles makes numerous corners where all sorts of old three-cornered and trapezoidal rooms are situated. These are nearly always occupied by saloonists.

Along the streets, in any convenient place, generally near a barber shop, are niches in the wall supplied with one or more easy chairs, leather covered, to which you mount by a short flight of stairs and seat yourself for a comfortable rest while two men, in caps and red or blue sailor shirts, blacken and polish your shoes. The chaffing bootblack does not pursue you—he is a fixture.

Almost every seventh man is a Chinaman. They are no curiosity. I dislike them and would as soon trust an Indian. I have noticed one peculiarity they have in walking in company that I suppose must come from their narrow streets at home. They rarely walk two or three abreast, but in single file, and always chopping out their singular language in their nervous style. Hardly a day passes that some Celestial does not murder another or commit suicide. Self-destruction nearly always follows murder, and therein I think they are cheaper to the State than any other class of criminals. The costs of prosecution are entirely saved. HAUK.

CHAUTAUQUA.

The Opening of the Season—Great Enthusiasm in all the Departments.

CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y., July 18, 1881.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

The work here at Chautauqua is being rapidly pushed forward preparatory for the Assembly, which opens August 4. The School of Languages (of S. L. I.) which has been in session since the 7th., is being successfully conducted by an able corps of professors. The students in all departments—French, German, Latin, Greek, Hebrew and Anglo-Saxon—are manifesting a good deal of interest in their studies, and the members of the faculty are particularly enthusiastic in their work. The educational facilities of Chautauqua are being somewhat enhanced and the number of students in attendance increased by the addition of Theology, Phonography and several other studies to its role of departments.

To-morrow will be formally opened the Chautauqua Teachers' Retreat (C. T. R.), which will continue in session for two weeks. Here many educational subjects will be discussed in a popular way by men distinguished in special departments.

Special attention will be given to the Tonic Sol-fa method of learning music, the Kindergarden system, Clay Modeling, and the art of Drawing. Lessons will also be given in Gymnastics and Elocution, and lectures on Geography, Grammar and English Literature. Nothing seems to be omitted that can contribute to the pleasure and profit of those who come here to spend their Summer's vacation. Instruction and entertainment are the central ideas which control everything that is said and done—at least, so far as the C. S. & S. C. T. R. are concerned. To this end picnics, excursions on the lake, afternoon and evening entertainments of music, recitations and lectures are provided to relieve the monotony of recitation and study.

A large and commodious roller skating rink has just been completed on the grounds and was made open to the public last Saturday evening.

Among other improvements for the present year may be mentioned the new railroad which is being built from Mayville to Chautauqua for the special purposes of the Assembly. Additional hotel accommodations, the erection of a large wood building for an archæological museum and quite a number of new and substantial private residences.

An incident of last week, connected with the laying of the foundation to one of these buildings has excited considerable interest and curiosity among the inhabitants of Chautauqua. A workman while digging the cellar struck upon a layer of bones of such a character and in such a position as to arrest his attention. Excavations were continued until 12 human skeletons were disentombed. These were found in a row side by side, and in a sitting posture. It was thought they might be preserved and added to the museum, but decomposition had gone so far that they fell and crumbled when it was attempted to remove them. The fragments were placed in a box and removed to a store room in the Children's Temple, where they are at present to be found. Many speculations are made to account for their origin.

The managers of the Assembly are having the rubbish rapidly removed from the ground, and are exploring the necessary means to provide for the comfort and welfare of those who decide to take up their quarters at Chautauqua.

Readers of the BLADE, who intend to visit the Assembly, will find full particulars as to rates of fare, cost of living, etc., in the May issue of the *Chautauqua Assembly Herald*.

WHOLESALE MASSACRE,

A Thousand Men, Women and Children Butchered in the Name of Religion.

The Wounded Piled in a Heap and Burned to Ashes.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 15.—The Fiji Times of April 30, has the following: The schooner "Elizabeth" returned from a trading cruise on Sunday, bringing news of a most horrible massacre that has been perpetrated at Tapitawa, one of the Line Islands. It seems that some years ago a branch of the London Missionary society was established in the island of Honolulu, under charge of a Sandwich Islander named Kabu, who succeeded in proselytizing the entire community. Upon their embracing Christianity he induced them to give up all their weapons into his care and everything went smoothly for a while. Latterly, however, people living on the southern part of this island became dissatisfied at the constant requisitions made upon them for copra, and considering Kabu's Christianity too dear at the price, they apostatized. Kabu then preached a crusade against them, and, arming his followers, led them on in person, beating two clubs together and shouting "Kill! Kill!"

The carnage which followed is almost too horrible for belief. Not less than a thousand men, women and children were indiscriminately massacred. The most atrocious enormities were practiced on their victims by the victorious party, and after the general slaughter the wounded were collected together, piled one on top of another, and the roof of an old house placed over them, which the miscreant Kabu fired with his own hand.

When the "Elizabeth" was at the island the beach was still strewn with decomposing bodies of men, women and children, but the arch fiend in the transaction had been taken to Honolulu in the Hawaiian vessel "Storm Bird," to answer for his almost incredible crime.

TRAIN ROBBERS.

A Daring and Successful Train Robbery on the Rock Island Road.

The Conductor Shot Through the Heart, and the Messenger Made to Open the Safe.

KANSAS CITY, MO., July 16.—Information has been received here by an incoming Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific train of a daring, planned and successful train robbery which occurred at Winslow, a station on the Rock Island, a short distance east of Cameron. The robbers were six in number, supposed to be under the leadership of Jesse James. The men boarded the train which leaves this city at 6:30 P. M. at Cameron. At Winslow, where the train stopped, they stood up in the aisle of the car with drawn revolvers; one of the bandits a man with, heavy black whiskers, advanced with a revolver in each hand toward William Westfield, the conductor, and ordered him to hold up his hand. The conductor was slow in complying with the demand, and was shot through the heart by the desperado. One of the other men then shot John McCollough, a stone cutter of Milton Junction, Ia., who turned outward in his seat, through the head. The men then went through the train to the express car, and overpowered the United States express messenger, Charles Murray, of this City, who was intimidated into opening the safe, from which $5,000 was taken.

The desperados then went to the engine and told the engineer to start his train. This he could not do on account of the automatic brake, and he was at once utilized as a target by the robbers.

The engineer put out the lights in the cab and crawed along the foot-board to the pilot, and extinguished the head light and lay down on the pilot. The robbers made no search for him, but departed. No attempt was made to rob the passengers.

The populace about Winslow rose up en masse and armed men are now industriously seeking the desperados.

RIPARIAN RIGHT.

An Interesting Decision as to River-Bound Property.

CINCINNATI, July 16.—The case of Gardner vs. Rieger, an action on the covenants of a deed, was decided by Judge Smith yesterday.

It appeared from the evidence that the defendant had conveyed to one Bennett a tract of land situated in Monroe township, Clermont County, one boundary line of which was described as beginning from "a stone in the river (Ohio) bank; thence south 18 degrees, east 69½ poles, to or in the line by John Armacost." This last point was shown to be on the river bank, so that it was contended that this description conveyed the land to the water's edge. By a subsequent deed the defendant had conveyed to the plaintiff land lying between the above mentioned boundary line and the low-water mark on the Ohio river. The plaintiff entered upon it, and was evicted by Bennett and accordingly brought an action against the defendant for a breach of the covenants in the deed, claiming that the deed to Bennett had included the land granted to him, so that there was nothing left in his grantor at the time of the conveyance.

The Court held that the covenant in the deed had been broken, and that the plaintiff was entitled to recover the money paid for the land.

A Game Thoroughbred.

BLOOMFIELD, Ky., July 15.—Prof. Charles Williams concluded to ride a fine blooded mare for exercise, and for this purpose had bridled and led her into the yard to be convenient to saddle. While he was in the house after the saddle, a bee stung the animal, when it broke the bridle-rein and, whirling, started toward the yard gate, and finding this closed, attempted to jump over it. The animal fouled on a piece of upright iron with which the gate latch is manipulated, and a gash 16 inches long was made in the right side, cutting four ribs and exposing the entrails. The pluck of the mare carried her over, however, and when she reached the turnpike she continued to run until she sank down and died.

WASHINGTON.

The President Getting Along So Well, Only Two Bulletins Considered Necessary.

Sec. Windom Considering the Introduction of Civil Service Rules.

WASHINGTON, July 19.
8:30 A. M.

The President passed a very good night, and this morning he is free from fever and expresses himself as feeling quite comfortable. Pulse, 90; temperature, 98; respiration 18.

The following bulletin was sent this morning to Cabinet officers by the President's private secretary: "The slightly increased febrile rise, which occurred yesterday evening, but which was not due to any unfavorable change in the condition of the wound, has entirely disappeared this morning, and at this hour the President's pulse is 90, with normal temperature and respiration. He rested well during the night, at one time sleeping three hours and a half without awakening, and is now feeling bright and comfortable. There will be a slight change in his diet, something else being substituted for potatos and oatmeal, which have been found unsatisfactory."

FRENCH SYMPATHIZERS.

Among the interesting communications received at the Executive Mansion offering sympathy, is one from the French residents of the Northwest. The action was taken at a meeting held in Chicago, and G. Demars and A. Davaust, appointed a committee to transmit the same, which they did through the Collector of Customs. The following reply has been transmitted:

Your letter of the 11th with its enclosure is received. I have invited the attention of Mrs. Garfield to the communication from the French residents of the Northwest, and she desires me to convey to them through you her thanks for your gratifying expressions of sympathy and condolence. She wishes me also to say that at the proper time the President will be informed of the interest manifested by the France-American Central Republican Committee in his behalf.

Yours very respectfully,
J. STANLEY BROWN,
Private Secretary.

THE PRESIDENT'S PASTOR.

WASHINGTON, July 17.—Rev. Depower, pastor of the Christian Church on Vermont avenue, this City, and the Church the President belongs to, preached a sermon to-day on the attempt to assassinate the President. His text was from Deuteronomy, 30th chapter, 19th and 20th verses. He said let men feel that the mere act of pointing a pistol or gun or any other weapon, whether it be loaded or unloaded, at the heart or person of any one, in fun or in earnest, will be met with heavy fine and imprisonment, and we will have fewer men and children shot down in alleged ignorance than at present. Let men feel that human life is a sacred thing, sacred above property, above position, above any other influence, for the destruction of which no plea of insanity, no plea of drunkenness, no plea of wounded honor, can justify a man. Let men feel that human life is so sacred that the attempt to take it is a crime punishable by imprisonment for life and that the taking of it will lead to a speedy and certain stretching of hemp. The second tendency of the times which I would note is a freedom of speech and of the press in the criticism of public men which has degenerated into a virus and dangerous license. To sit high in our time is to be lied about. Our public men may be ever so chaste. They may be as chaste as ice and as pure as snow, but they cannot escape the tongues of calumny. There are ears to hear and there are tongues to utter and report every mean thing, every impure thing, bitter thing, that is printed against the men high in public life. This virus has poisoned the blood of the whole nation and it must break out in passions, distempers and forms that will do incredible harm. The very course of some of our newspapers is such as to inflame men like Guiteau to do just such deeds as his, and think themselves heroes and martyrs in the doing of them. Had there been no Stalwart contest against the prerogatives of the Executive, there would have been no such assault upon the President's life. Guiteau's crime is but the terrible product of the vicious, shameless, bitter, inflammatory attacks indulged in persistently by those who have only personal ends to serve, and who were dissatisfied with Executive action, not because it affected the interest of the country, but because it was not in accord with their own precious counsels.

AMONG THE INDICTMENTS

found by the Criminal Court Grand Jury to day, was one against Geo. W. Ingalls, formerly United States Indian Agent at Piute Agency, for presenting false vouchers, one for $221 and one for $184, in 1878. It is alleged that Ingalls is a defaulter to the amount of about $100,000 to the Government. Ingalls is said to be somewhere out West.

Col. Henry C. Deahna, who was formerly United States Collector at Sitka, Alaska, was before the Grand Jury to-day, complaining that a local paper had published him as an insane person and dangerous. Deahna said this publication had done him great injury. The Grand Jury advised him to sue for damages. He said he was too poor, and the jury promised to look into his case. After recess Deahna complained that Sec. Sherman had him removed as Collector, and two years ago, there was talk of his having threatened Sherman with violence, and treasury watchmen were ordered not to let him into the Treasury.

THE GRAND JURY

of the Criminal Court appeared before the Court at 1 o'clock this afternoon. District Attorney Corkhill, in a short address, said that when he asked that the Grand Jury be held until after the 4th of July, nobody expected or dreamed of so great a crime being committed as an attempt upon the life of the President. This crime was one which everybody admitted at the time would demand prompt and certain punishment, in case of fatal result to the President. He had therefore deemed it his duty to hold the grand jury to await the result of the President's injuries. While all the country is deeply gratified that the President is in the way of recovery, it cannot yet be told just what action must or should be taken towards the punishment of the would-be assassin. The District Attorney then read a note addressed to him by the surgeons attending the President in reply to an official request from him as to the President's case, and his recovery. This note was signed by Dr. Bliss and the other three surgeons. It is said "that while the President has, up to the present time, done exceeding well, and we anticipate his recovery, we cannot assert with confidence that his injuries may not result fatally. Col Corkhill said that in view of this condition of the President he would move that the Grand Jury be discharged until the 13th of September, and the Court so ordered. So nothing will be done with Guiteau, not even towards indicting him, before Fall.

The discharge of the Grand Jury to-day sends all Star Route cases over to October.

Chief Brooks, of the Secret Service Division, received a telegram from Knoxville, Tenn., stating that "Maybe M. Morrill, counterfeiter, who escaped from the officers, July 11, at Morristown, Tenn., was struck dead by lightning, Wednesday last, while lying out in the woods to escape being rearrested, and was buried yesterday." Chief Brooks instructed the agent to thoroughly investigate and report. Chief Brooks says a similar case occurred some years ago, and some time after the death had been reported and the case abandoned, he met the criminal on the streets of Philadelphia.

WANTS THE NEWS.

The President still asks for news of what is going on outside, and it is with difficulty that he can be kept in ignorance of the news, as he keenly listens to everything that is said in his hearing. More than anything else he wants to know about his own case and the progress he is making. He asks to see the bulletins made out by the physicians that he may know what is given to the country about him. Once when he wondered to himself what the newspapers were saying about him Col. Rockwell said they were all being saved for him. "What, all of them, Rockwell?" he asked. "Yes." "Well, then perhaps it would not be best for me to get well."

FIGHTING OVER AN OFFICE.

One of the last official acts of Pres. Garfield was the signing of the proper documents appointing T. J. Ramsdell, an old Washington newspaper man, to the position of Register of Wills for the District. To-day, however, when Mr. Ramsdell attempted to take possession of the office, the present incumbent, Amos Webster, refused to give up possession and it is likely a fight in the courts will follow.

HOW TO GIVE THANKS.

A proposition has been made that if the President recovers, a Grand National Thanksgiving Musical Festival be held in this city, November 29, the 50th anniversary of his birth.

The idea meets with considerable favor, though it will be found that the people cannot abide quite so long. They want something more spontaneous, and perhaps nothing will suffice but for the President to make a tour around the country, which would be one of the most memorable trips in history.

POTATOES AND TOBACCO.

WASHINGTON, July 19.—The following reports, showing the condition of acreage, etc., of potatoes and tobacco throughout the country up to July 1st, were issued from the Department of Agriculture to-day:

There has been an increase of two per cent. in area in potatoes throughout the whole country since 1880. The increase is general in all sections. The States of New York and Michigan report an increase of five per cent. each; Missouri an increase of six per cent. and Ohio a decrease of two per cent. The condition of the crop is reported very high. Insect injuries are reported in many localities, but the damage is slight.

The acreage of tobacco is largely in excess of last year, particularly in Maryland, Virginia and Kentucky. But in view of the large decrease in 1880 in these States, owing to the scarcity of plants, the area will not be greater this year than it was in 1879, the year in which the area was given for the census of 1880. The condition of the crop is reported higher than last year at the same time.

WANTING CIVIL SERVICE RULES.

Sec. Windom is earnestly considering the introduction of civil service rules in the Treasury Department and its branches, including the customs service. He is deeply impressed by the fact that a large part of his time is occupied in hearing the claims and demands of office seekers, thereby preventing him from giving attention to the general affairs of the department which their importance demands. He is thoroughly convinced that only by the establishment of civil service rules can this great evil be remedied, and this he proposes to do within a brief period.

SETTING THE MINTS TO WORK.

Orders have been sent to all the mints, which have been closed since the 25th ult. making repairs and taking stock, to resume operations at once. San Francisco began operations on Tuesday, and the Philadelphia Mint to day. In order to comply with the requirements of the law regulating the coinage of $2,000,000 worth of silver bullion each month, orders have been sent to the mints not to coin any gold until the minimum number of standard dollars is coined. It is thought that it will require the next 15 days to coin this number.

AFTER THE CIGAR DEALERS.

The Secretary of the Treasury has appointed a Commission to investigate and report upon the subject of some method for the better protection of the Government in the matter of the collection of revenue from cigars. The Secretary is advised from nearly all the large cities that the law as it now exists is evaded, and honest dealers are put at a disadvantage. These allegations are, that in nearly every city of importance certain manufacturers of cigars, who are also retail dealers, as fast as they sell a cigar from a box, replace it with another. The law provides for the utter destruction of the stamp on a cigar-box, after its contents have been sold. Those charged with evading the law keep the boxes constantly filled by the process herein indicated. The Commission will meet in the course of a few days, and may visit several of the large cities in the progress of their investigation.

INMATES OF SOLDIERS' HOMES.

WASHINGTON, July 18.—The Secretary of the Interior has rendered a decision in the matter of the right of an inmate of the Soldiers' Home who withdraws from such Home without the consent of the managers to receive his pension directly into his hands. The Secretary says the law directs the payment of certain pensions to the Treasurers of Soldiers' Homes, but also guards the delinquent of pensions solely for the benefit of the pensioner, without deductions. It is a naked trust which can only be exercised toward those continuing in receipt of the care of the Soldiers' Home; if that care and benefit cannot be given, or is repudiated by the soldiers, the soldier and not the institution should be entitled to receive the pension.

CAPITAL NOTES.

The Secretary of the Treasury has directed the redemption of coupon 5 per cent. bonds embraced in the 10:30 call now authorized with interest to date of their presentation.

Sec. Blaine announces the release by the German authorities on June 13 of the young man Brink, a Connecticut citizen, recently impressed into the military service while temporarily visiting the fatherland.

GUITTEAU'S CRIME.

Carefully Planned and Premeditated Since the 18th of May.

WASHINGTON, July 15.—United States District Attorney Corkhill furnishes the following for publication: The interest felt by the public in the details of the assassination and the many stories published justify me in stating that the following is a correct and accurate statement concerning the points to which reference is made: The assassin, Charles Guiteau, came to Washington City on Sunday evening, March 6th, 1881, and stopped at the Ebbitt House, remaining only one day. He then secured a room in another part of the city, and has boarded around at various places, the full details of which I have. On Wednesday, May 18, 1881, the assassin determined to murder the President. He had neither money nor pistol at the time. About the last of May he went into C. Mears's store, corner of Fifteenth and D streets, in this City, and examined some pistols, asking for the largest caliber. He was shown two similar in caliber and only different in price. Wednesday, June 8, he purchased the pistol which he used, for which he paid $10, he having in the meantime borrowed $15 of a gentleman in this City on the plea that he wanted to pay his board bill. On the same evening, about 7 o'clock, he took the pistol and went to the foot of Seventeenth street and practiced firing at a board, firing 10 shots. He then returned to his boarding place and wiped the pistol dry, and wrapped it in his coat and waited his opportunity.

Sunday morning, June 12, he was sitting in Lafayette park, and saw the President leave for the Christian Church on Vermont avenue, and he at once returned to his room, obtained his pistol, put it in his hip pocket and followed the President to church. He entered the church, but found he could not kill him there without danger of killing some one else. He noticed the President sat near the window. After church he made an examination of the window, and found he could reach it without any trouble, and that from this point he could shoot the President through the head without killing any one else. The following Wednesday he went to church, examined the location and window, and became satisfied he could accomplish his purpose, and he determined, therefore, to make the attempt at church the Sunday following. He learned from the papers the President would leave the City Saturday, the 18th of June, with Mrs. Garfield for Long Branch. He, therefore, determined to meet him at the depot. He left his boarding place about 5 o'clock Saturday morning, June 18, and went down to the river at the foot of Seventh street and fired five shots to practice his aim and be certain his pistol was in good order. He then went to the depot and was at the ladies' sitting room with his pistol ready when the President's party entered. He saw Mrs Garfield look so weak and frail he had not the heart to shoot the President in her presence, and as he knew he would have another opportunity he left the depot. He had previously engaged a carriage to take him to jail.

Wednesday evening the President and his son, and I think United States Marshal Henry, went out for a ride. The assassin took his pistol and followed them for some time in hopes the carriage would stop, but no opportunity was given.

Friday evening, July 1, he was sitting on a seat in the park opposite the White House, when he saw the President come out alone. He followed him down the avenue to Fifteenth street, and then kept on the opposite side of the street up Fifteenth until the President entered the residence of Sec. Blaine. He waited at the corner of Mr. Morton's late residence, corner of Fifteenth and H, for some time, and then, as he was afraid he would attract attention, he went into an alley in the rear of Mr. Morton's residence, examined his pistol, and waited. The President and Sec. Blaine came out together, and he followed them over to the gate of the White House, but could get no opportunity to use his weapon.

On the morning of Saturday, July 2, he breakfasted at the Riggs House about 7. He then walked up into the Park and sat there for an hour. He then took a one horse avenue car and rode to Sixth street, got out and went into the depot and loitered around there, had his shoes blackened, engaged a hackman for two dollars to take him to the jail, went into the water closet and took his pistol out of his hip pocket and unwrapped the paper from around it which he had put there for the purpose of preventing perspiration from the body dampening the powder, examined his pistol carefully, tried the trigger and then returned and took a seat in the ladies' waiting room, and as soon as the President entered advanced behind him and fired two shots.

These facts, I think, can be relied upon as accurate, and I give them to the public to contradict certain false rumors in connection with this most atrocious of atrocious crimes.

THE LOST BULLET.

A Maryland Man Claims to Have Possession of It.

WASHINGTON, July 13.—The following communication is published here in the Star:

As I was an eye witness of the shooting of Pres. Garfield, and being able to explain which shot entered the Chief Magistrate's body, and the course and present whereabouts of the ball that missed him, I deemed it proper to impart to you the information I possess of the tragedy, as it will clear away the mystery of the lost bullet, which now people are trying to solve. In the Baltimore Sun on Friday, I noticed a few lines that spoke of a difference of opinion as to whether it was the first or second shot that struck the President, and the mystery that surrounded the bullet that entered the coat sleeve, as no trace of it could be found, though the most diligent search had been made for it. They may search till doomsday, but without success, for the bullet that entered the President's sleeve, a second after passed into my possession and is still retained by me as a relic, not alone because of its connection with the President, but principally because it very narrowly escaped entering [illegible], which it would have done had its progress not been checked by a large silver medal which I wore suspended from my neck and which was presented to me by Rev. Father Freitag, formerly pastor of St. Mary's Church of this city. On the morning of the 2d of July, being in the vicinity of the Baltimore & Potomac depot, and hearing the President and members of the Cabinet would soon be at the depot I and my friend Samuel Frazer concluded to stop and see the great man of whom we had heard so much, but had never before seen. We had not long to wait, for soon the President and a gentleman who I was told was Sec. Blaine entered the depot, accompanied by a number of ladies. The two gentlemen walked to and fro engaged in conversation, while my friend and I sat on a bench and watched them. Soon a sharp crack of a pistol shot burst upon the air, which was followed almost instantly by a second. On the instant that the report of the first shot was born to my ears I felt a stinging sensation in my chest. I left the place in a hurry, believing I had been fatally shot. As soon as I could I stripped my chest bare and found my life had been saved by a medal I have worn for 12 years. The spot where the medal had rested felt sore and was very red. The bullet I found in my shirt bosom. I left Washington with my friend at noon that day, arriving in Annapolis at 2 P. M. I enjoined secrecy upon my friend for I knew what trouble would follow if I was detained as a witness. The loss of my situation would surely follow if I was kept from my work, as my employer would have filled my place with some one else if I was detained in Washington for one day. I will surrender the bullet if I am assured it will be returned to me after the District Attorney shall have no further use for it. Please have this shown to Corkhill. Any further information you may desire which I can give I shall be happy to furnish you with.

NICHOLAS JACKSON,
No. 20 Cornhill street, Annapolis, Md.

Inquiry develops the fact that the signer of the card telegraphed to-night and credited to the Star, about the missing bullet, is practically *non compos mentis*. He is an old negro of the most illiterate and ignorant class. It is doubtful if he knows the President has been shot. He has never been beyond the limits of Annapolis, and the general impression to night is that the Annapolis wag who perpetrated the foolish hoax in the name of Jackson should be punished.

Fall of a Tunnel.

CINCINNATI, July 13.—The tunnel on the Cincinnati & Northern Railroad under Crown street, Walnut Hill, about two miles from the central part of the City, fell in to night on a party of 30 workmen. Efforts are making to extricate them. It is not yet known what is their condition.

LATER.—It was not the caving of the tunnel proper that caused the disaster, but a land slide near the mouth of the tunnel, where 12 men were engaged in preparing for arching. One of them—Frank Burns, the foreman—was on the timbers and the others were below in the bottom of the tunnel. The slide knocked Burns off and threw down timber on the men. Burns and David Hunter (colored) were killed, and four others were more or less injured.

The Murderer of Five Men.

FALMOUTH, Ky., July 16.—James McElrow was arrested last week for the murder of his brother, in Bracken County, seven years ago, and after his arrest confessed to having murdered four men, concealing them in a cellar near Berlin. Investigation revealed the bodies of the four murdered men. The news is exciting considerable interest throughout the State.

THE LONG TERM.

Platt's Place Filled To-day by the Election of Warner Miller.

Ex-Sen. Conkling Will Soon be Laid Aside with Me Too.

ALBANY, July 16.—The Joint Convention met at noon. The Chair announced they would proceed to vote

The Household.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.
2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.
3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.
4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

Nothing in the nature of an exchange will be inserted in the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD unless accompanied with a remittance of $6.

HOME TALKS.

"Says Aaron to Moses, Let's cut off our noses; says Moses to Aaron, 'Tis the fashion to wear 'em,' and the world is of one opinion that Moses was wise in refusing to make himself a laughing stock by any such hideous singularity. To be, as Mrs BROWNING phrases it, "out of nature," is always undesirable, indeed to be avoided, and there are some fashions so universally followed as to become almost nature. The fortunate possessor of good taste or, if the expression may be allowed, esthetic taste is the one who dares to be as venturesome as the mythical Aaron without needing a restraining Moses. Violent innovations in dress or in the furnishing of houses, anything in fact which depends for favor upon the eye, are dangerous, and the best judges of human nature are the least likely to make them because they know their impolicy. So far however as people can break away from an iron clad fashion, whose demands are answered by the upholsterers' dictum, homes express the character of their inmates, or rather to convey the idea better, as the years go flitting by, mental and moral characteristics stamp themselves almost as inefaceably upon the inanimate surroundings of those who have long dwelt in a house as they do upon the face which is the window of the home of the immortal indweller of the body. The rooms, the pictures, furniture, everything becomes vitalized by the spirit of the household, and to a degree which few are ready to admit. Indeed so far does this feeling go with us that we sometimes fancy that the very silence of vacant rooms is expressive of the peace and contentment of those who call them home, or the slumberous air is full of the pent up furies which have beforetime lashed the household into agitated misery.

Our friends must have felt this nameless something which makes a difference in homes, even if you never have put it into words. You must have entered houses where the foot sank noiselessly into velvet carpets, where were easy chairs with silken coverings where were richly colored pictures gleaming from the walls, where everything told the story of luxurious wants gratified, and yet your heart sank down like lead, and a depression seized you, unexplained and unexplainable. There was absolutely nothing to tell why the warmth, the glow of heartfelt pleasure that has come to you in some little cottage, the expense of its furniture being counted by its hundreds of dollars instead of its thousands, was wanting. It was simply that the dove of peace perpetually brooded over the hearthstone of the one, and its pervading influence was there whether the dwellers were present or absent, while in the other, apples of discord lurked in every nook and corner, making their presence felt even in the brooding silence.

Of course there is a difference in the comfort of homes caused by the presence or absence of neatness and order. You remember, perhaps, the description given by some unknown writer of a Bachelor's Hall:

> Pots, dishes and pans, and such other commodities,
> Ashes and pray'rskins, kiver the floor;
> The cupboard a storehouse of musical oddities,
> Things never thought of as matchless before.
> When his meal it is over the table's left litter'd;
> Dishes, take care of yerselves if you can;
> Divil a drop of hot water will visit ye
> Oct, let him alone for a leader of a man.

Between us we think that is something of a slander here, but then it will do to express a state of things which we do *not* mean. We refer to the ordinarily well kept houses cared for to a degree sufficient for comfort.

We recall a home which we should like to bring before you. It is a pretty place, well, even richly furnished. There is nothing cold or chilly in the atmosphere, but a spirit of unrest seems to have possession of everything. You have the impression upon entering the room that the chairs are just in the figures of a many dance, that the pictures on the wall were about starting from their places and as soon as your back is turned they will waltz on into the animated air, that the books and ornaments are in a state of rebellion against a recumbent position, that even the keys of the piano have a sort of aggressive appearance, as if just ready to go off into some lively tune whether one would or no. Upon taking a second look you can see no reason for this sort of feeling about the place. Disorder does not sit enthroned anywhere. Things are really as well established as in most houses. I can only explain it in one way: The mistress is always in a hurry. She lives in a chronic state of rush from one year's end to the other. She does not give herself or any body else time to breathe comfortably, and her personality has entered into her surroundings.

THE HOUSEHOLD, especially if its members have never thought of these things, may feel that this is carrying the idea a little too far, but all will agree that homes express in various ways the character of the inmates and far more decidedly than at first thought seems possible.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.

A Transient Visitor.

I will answer "Kate W. Auld's questions about flowers.

Kate asks what flowers to raise for bouquets. There are but few in comparison to the great variety of flowers we now have that are fit for fine bouquet making. Some being too frail and easily wilted, others are of such color that they will not work together in a bouquet.

And right here I will say we cannot all be successful bouquet makers. It requires a natural taste in arranging colors to become an artist in arranging flowers. Yet we can all put them together so that they will look pretty, for flowers are pretty in almost any shape. But what can equal in beauty a bouquet of Nature's choice flowers arranged by the artistic eye and deft fingers of an experienced bouquet maker. By this I do not wish to discourage, but would encourage all lovers of flowers to cultivate the art of arranging them. Give your children blossoms, to teach them to care for them. Cultivate the taste for the beauties in Nature, and, my word for it, they will grow up wiser and better for it.

But to the question: "Kate" asks what flowers to raise for bouquets. I will only speak of such as can be raised out of a hot-house. The tuberose, carnation, double geraniums of different colors, with plenty of white for filling, such as Ageratam Stevia, Supatorum, or any fine white flowers; but not too many colors, with a few rosebuds or carnations, and some double scarlet and some white geraniums a little green for filling and a few rose geranium leaves for trimming, and you have enough to make a good bouquet.

I would say to "Kate", don't be afraid to cut your flowers, for the more you cut the more they will bloom. You need not cut all the head of your geraniums only cut the flowers that are required out, as you only want the flowers and not the stem, for they cannot be used on their own stems in making up, but each flower must be put on an artificial stem.

The Andrew Henderson for scarlet, Arrella Ballet and Can edesome for white are the best double geraniums for cut-flower work. I could give directions for steaming and making up flowers, as I have had some experience with a professional boquet maker, but it would be too long for this time.

MOSS ROSE.

True, Noble Women.

"A B. C" in the BLADE of June 28, speaks of all women who do not care for the ballot as either "selfish," or those "whose early education has been neglected." Such an assertion is entirely too broad. There are thousands of good, noble women, who come under neither head who do not desire to vote,

How many of us have dear, patient, loving mothers, who are our guides in infancy, and youth, and counselors in mature years, whose greatest care was, and is to train the children to be good and noble men and women, and make home bright and happy. Can such a woman be called selfish? My mother always taught me that "To be a good woman is better than to be a fine lady."

The woman to whom God has given immortal souls to train for life's battles, has a noble mission to perform. Let her train her boys aright, and through them she can vote.

"Women know
The way to rear up children (to be just).
They know a simple, merry, tender knack
Of tying sashes, tutting baby shoes,
And stringing pretty words that make no sense,
And kissing full sense into empty words;
Which things are corals to string life upon,
Although such trifles."

I believe that Emerson is right when he says, "Men are what their mothers made them." What better can a woman do than make home such a perfect home that the children shall grow to be noble, trustful, self reliant men and women. Mrs. Sigourney says: "The strength of a nation especially a republican nation, is in the intelligent and well-ordered homes of its people." Now, who but the mother can make such a home? To teach the immortal mind, to imbue them with good principles with the just fear of God and love of our fellow men, and thus instil into the mind something that will brighten to all eternity. Mothers, teach your girls to be true women; teach them to be women that will live, not for fashion, but to help make this world better. If we had more good women, we would have more good men. Every girl should be taught equally with her brothers. She should also be taught all that pertains to housekeeping. Mrs. Garfield and the Princess Louise are proud of their skill in bread-making and all household duties; and every woman should be able to say the same of herself.

A correspondent from Italy to the *New York Tribune* says: "Good bread is the exception in America." Now, if that be true, there is no earthly reason why it should be. Every woman can and should be a good baker. I should not wonder but that children fed on hard, sour bread, grow up hard sour men and women. And good, wholesome, sweet bread, can only be made with good hop yeast. Never try soda bread. If any reader of the HOUSEHOLD has difficulty in making good yeast (dry yeast is always best) or bread, I will willingly let the HOUSEHOLD have the benefit of my way, which I know cannot be excelled.

FLORA.

Point Lace Instruction.

I am encouraged to continue my letters to THE HOUSEHOLD from the interest manifested in lace making by such a large number of ladies. Inquiries, and requests for the stitches promised, reach me from the Golden Gate of the Pacific coast, from the Northern coast of Maine, from many parts of the sunny South and from the upper Lake Superior region in Canada. One lady sends a request for stitches, from a place in this State, where the Berkshire Hills, and the Green Mountains on the East, form a lovely boundary for the landscape, and the noble Hudson, a broad sheet of silver in the sunshine, with the Catskills, blue and misty, far above on the West. In a postscript she adds, "God bless the dear old BLADE."

Point de Alencon bars, are often used in connection with the stitches, that I have sent to so many of you. These are often threads, stretched across, as indicated by the pattern. They are often twisted, so as to make a firm cord, and sometimes in irregular spaces are placed alternately, loose and tight. Three threads are placed in position and held there by a loop at the connections, and they are then covered with fine close buttonhole stitches. In Venetian point, and the rare and costly Spanish rose point, these are profusely ornamented with picots, and they are then called "brides ornees." To make the picot, insert the needle through the loop of the last button hole stitch on the bar, hold it firmly within the loop, while the thread is wound from six to eight times around the needle, and the needle and thread is drawn through. This makes a small round loop, that should stand out, distinct, from the straight edge of the bar, and they should occur at regular distances.

A crescent shaped piece of point lace is very much worn at present for a head dress. One pattern consists of a butterfly with broad wings, inclosed with a Honiton wreath of star flowers. Another of a lily expanded, with a festoon of long pointed laces, forming a point at each side. These are made of black silk brsids and thread, and worn very much by elderly ladies, whose hair is becoming thin on top of the head. A tie or jaoot is sometimes found to match the headdress, and straight lace to turn over, for collar and cuffs, with a Honiton wreath on the edge is nice to wear with the butterfly jabot and headdress. Straight lace two inches wide and a diamond pattern, or a herring bone pattern of straight braid, for the center, a Honiton braid wreath forming a scalloped edge, and a wide straight braid for the other edge, will cost about 50 cents for materials for collar and cuffs, be about 40 cents for pattern and materials, headdress about 50 cents and black silk materials cost about twice as much as the same patterns of linen braids, and are very beautiful and durable. I do not think it advisable, or economical to make long wide scarfs, or fichus, or any large pieces of this handwrought lace, unless one can do the work very fast and can devote a great deal of time to it. A lace tie 1½ yards long made of linen brussels net with point lace ends of various patterns, is very nice and the sides may be finished poorer working classes. God in his nature never wastes material nor work, and never would have created in the lower classes the bearing function had he not intended for them to be blest by the fruits of His labor. Nature denies children only to those who are too weak to endow offspring with sufficient vitality to sustain life; and nature is the best criterion. There may be circumstances in which it may be desirable to forego the blessings of perenthood; but no healthy man and wife can afford to be without them. Say, poverty stricken mothers, how much of worldly goods would you take for one of your little ones? Not all the gold of Ophir, nor the pearls of Golconda. They are to you wealth beyond estimation. But how poor the poverty of being denied this, the fulfillment of woman's highest mission!

Now, as a preface to what I am about to say, let me assure you I am a staunch and firm for woman's suffrage and want to vote as soon as possible, but, meanwhile, let us turn our attention to a subject far, far more important, viz: children. Every woman who is a mother, or particularly who ever hopes to be, never spend another moment or breath upon woman's rights, until you have thoughtfully and thoroughly studied every book you can lay your hands on upon "Hereditary Descent" and the like. I have seen its principles applied, and my enthusiasm is not culled entirely from books, and I stand ready to accuse any woman who has a child that will lie or stamping deception into that child's nature while she was carrying it. And so on of every imaginable quality or "freak" of nature. Furthermore, she might have prevented the child from dying by a different course, not in "training" it, but in bearing it.

Oh, if preachers would only teach how to prevent making more sinners instead of wasting breath on those in whom sin is "dyed in the wool!" Of course, after influences modify propensities, to some extent, but after all, a thief is a thief and a Jew is a Jew the world over.

"Kansas Teacher," I am sorry to see you recommend the system of "perfect" or "imperfect" at the close of the day in regard to whispering. It is apt to encourage lying; at least, it is putting a terrible temptation in their way, and at the same time we teach them to pray—"lead us not into temptation." I am sorry to say I used to experiment some upon that method, but my conscience could not approve, and I often wonder since, how many little hearts I thereby hardened with brad and purledge or simply hemmed, and this is much more easily made with the net. The net strip will cost 15 cents materials for ends and sides from 40 to 60 cents, according to size and amount of materials used. I will still send the stitches to those requesting them and sending stamped envelope, but please do not ask me to send alencon bars. You can easily do them from this description by following the printed patterns.

L. R.

A Budget From Over the Mountains.

Dear friend, what would you do, now, if you had a neighbor who kept troubling you by wanting to borrow your "BLADE"? Now in my opinion a family has to be pretty poor when they cannot afford to subscribe for one paper. Would you take care to lend that neighbor this copy, hoping she might profit by it? There are lots of things in it, you know, that one likes to keep, things useful and things interesting for children's scrapbooks. Ever since the last copy went my little girl has been teasing for some verses I read to her from the "Young Folks" column.

What do the mother's hearts say in regard to the remark made a short time ago by a lady, (I don't remember who, and my BLADE is gone) in an otherwise excellent article, viz: "That children are a luxury that poor folks should not indulge in?"

Is not that setting up judgment against Almighty God? Has He ever made any such restriction in His natural laws? Rather the indications seem just to the contrary, judging from present existing states of society, for there are more weakness and ailments, consequently more inability to produce fine, healthy children proportionally among women of "life's higher walks" than among the ed for the next falsehood. The second lie is easier than the first.

CALA.

Knit Edging.

I think the interest in edging quite an improvement upon some of the subjects which have agitated THE HOUSEHOLD. I have some which has been handed down from a former generation, which I send. Cast on 18 stitches.

First—Slip 1, knit 1, thread around needle, narrow by seaming, knit 1, make 2 narrow, knit.

Second—Knit 11, seam, thread around needle, narrow by seaming, thread around needle, narrow by seaming, knit 2.

Third—Slip 1, knit 1, thread around needle, narrow by seaming, thread around needle, narrow by seaming, knit 13.

Fourth—Knit 13, thread around needle, narrow by seaming, thread around needle, narrow by seaming, knit 2.

Fifth—Slip 1, knit 1; thread around needle, narrow by seaming, thread around needle, narrow by seaming, knit 1, make 2, narrow, knit 1, make 2, narrow, knit 7.

Sixth—Knit 9, seam, knit 3, seam, knit 1, thread around needle, narrow by seaming, thread around needle, narrow by seaming, knit 2.

Seventh—Slip 1, knit 1, thread around needle, narrow by seaming, thread around needle, narrow by seaming, knit 15.

Eighth—Knit 15, thread around needle, narrow by seaming, thread around needle, narrow by seaming, knit 2.

Ninth—Slip 1, knit 1, thread around needle, narrow by seaming, thread around needle, narrow by seaming, knit 1, make 2 narrow, knit 1, make 2, narrow, knit 6.

Tenth—Knit 8, seam, knit 3, seam, knit 8, seam, knit 1, thread around needle, narrow by seaming, thread around needle, narrow by seaming, knit 2.

Eleventh—Slip 1, knit 1, thread around needle, narrow by seaming, thread around needle, narrow by seaming, knit 18.

Twelfth—Slip and bind 6; knit 11, thread around needle, narrow by seaming, thread around needle, narrow by seaming, knit 2.

This makes a pretty lace for neck and sleeves, as now worn, besides being very durable.

ROSE ELLA PORTER.

Flower Raising.

Somebody, probably, would like to ask what I know about raising plants. First the soil for potting plants should be composed of two parts of fine fibrous earth from the woods and some good garden soil. For Cactus use one half sand or old lime. Second for drainage place small pieces of charcoal or broken earthware over the hole in the bottom of the pot. Now get your plant, place it in the center of the pot, press the earth around it closely, water thoroughly and enough to wet the roots, and moisten all the soil. Do not use any more water until the earth looks dry. Some will require water sooner than others. Rap the side of the pot, and if the sound is dull they are wet enough, but if clear and sharp they need more water. Use soft water always; it should be lukewarm. Evening is the best time for watering them. Cuttings of Oleander and some other plants root best in a bottle of water in the sunshine. Slips that are pulled off of plants so as to bring a piece of the old wood will be more apt to live. Keep in the light as much as possible. Plants will not live in the dark. It is a good plan to wash plants every few weeks with luke warm soap suds and rinse with clean water.

The plants suitable for Winter blooming are numerous, but none afford so much pleasure I think as a good collection of bulbs, such as hyacinth, narcissus, and the early tulips and other bulbs. Plants for Winter use should be started from slips or seed in May or June. They should be set in a rich loam and kept damp. In a cool but light situation a large growth is not good, but a strong, close one. Allow no flowers or buds until removed into the house in September. When old plants are taken for Winter use they should be well cut in, so that new wood may be produced. Remember, it takes about six months to produce a plant for house use that is suitable for blossoms. Well, dear readers, I hear that waste terrible basket say, "Here is one," and I must close. Again I will come and tell you more about bulbs, ferns and geraniums, if this should by chance reach the press.

BRIDAL ROSE.

A Word of Warning.

Please may I come in? I have often wished to, but somehow have never before asked leave, but the recipe for custard pie given by "Mrs D. C. Davis" in the BLADE of June 30, was too much for my patience. Why, you dear woman aren't there more than enough drunkards in the world already? Then why should wives, mothers and sisters plant the seeds of vice and drunkenness in their own kitchens and upon their own tables? We are told that "they who sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind," and have we any right to complain if fathers, brothers, husbands and sons are drunkards, if we strengthen their appetite for strong drink by putting the accursed poison in their daily food? We may wring our hands and moan till our hearts break over those wrecks of a lost manhood, but have we any right to utter one word of complaint if we have helped to make them such?

No, no; then let us see to it that so far as lies in our power every article of food and drink in our household is pure and unadulterated. Now in place of the recipe given by Mrs. D., I respectfully offer the following: Take 1 tablespoonful of flour and a piece of butter half as large as an egg; rub together to a paste; add gradually, stirring all the time, 1 pint of boiling water; let it cool and then add 3 well beaten eggs. 1 teacupful of sugar, a little salt and grated nutmeg or sweeten to taste.

AUNT BETSAY.

An Apropos Question.

Why is it that so many of our HOUSEHOLD friends give us only their first names or some name that pleases their fancy? Are they ashamed of their own name and address us under cover? It seems to me much more convenient to be able to direct to them if we wish to address them, than to be obliged to inquire name and address through the BLADE. I have received some very pleasant notes from the flower friends, and am looking for information with every number of the paper.

It seems to me more fitting to read short, spicy articles than the endless discussions that appear occasionally. They interest but few while the other items are sure to receive their due.

A friend wishes to rid herself of red ants. The sulphur loosely in a cotton cloth and place wherever they are troublesome. All things do not accomplish the desired result in some cases. White hellebore is the antidote for roaches. Sprinkle it on the floor at night. They eat it and are poisoned.

Here is a cake recipe, taken from a valued cook-book. It is called ribbon cake:

Two and a half cups of sugar, 1 of butter, 1 of sweet milk, 3 teaspoonsfuls of baking powder, 4 cups of flour, 4 eggs; lemon to flavor. Reserve a third of this mixture, and add to the one third 1 cup of raisins, ½ lb citron, 1 cup of currants, teaspoonful of all kinds of spices. Bake in bread pans two of the light and one dark. Put together with icing or jelly, placing the fruit loaf in the center. Frost the top and sides. Let all lovers of good cake try this. Notwithstanding the call for less cake recipes there are a few of us that do not enjoy eating, and as variety is said to be the spice of life, we all enjoy a change from the inevitable sponge cake, marble cake, etc.

KATE W. AULD.

Green Valley, Ill.

Far Off Oregon.

Oregon is so far from you that there is very little said, and I suppose very little thought about it; but it is my opinion that many of you who are unsettled, and dissatisfied with the severity and unevenness of your climate, would find things more agreeable here. Those who could command two or three hundred dollars, or more, after reaching here, if they would make up their minds to settle right down and go to work, would do well, and soon learn to think the climate grand. We were very homesick when we first arrived, and despised everything, but we would not live in the East now, on account of the severe Winters. To be sure we have a great deal of rain in the Winter, and it seems gloomy to a person who has left all their friends in the East, but it seldom rains hard enough to prevent one from being out without discomfort. In March and April, and sometimes in May, the rains are accompanied by a chilly wind, which renders that portion of the year more disagreeable, in my estimation, than any other, although it does not prevent flowers from blooming or vegetation from growing rapidly. We had lettuce and radishes the first day of April this year, planted and grown out of doors, without any shelter, and by the 10th day of the month had more than we could use; but this season is a little more forward than usual. We live on the Yaquina River, only a few miles from the coast. The best land has been taken up, but there is plenty left.

RHODO.

Expressions of Opinion.

"Avalanche" writes a letter concerning men and women, the pith of which is contained in the last two sentences:

"Man demands purity in the woman he weds. Why should not she in return demand virtue for virtue?"

"Willa Metta," Oregon, writes:

"The Iowa girls and others away back East think this a land of nice rich bachelors. Girls if you only knew what a Webfoot bachelor is! Think of a German, Swede, or a Frenchman living in a little cabin in the mountains, never mingling in society, working or hunting on Sunday. There is not a man in Oregon worthy a wife but can get one. Girls are not so scarce here as some think. There are a great many bachelors here, but not from choice, but because they are not what they should be. Trembling to think of the consequence if these words are printed, and a Webfooted bachelor reads them, I stop writing."

A letter from Mrs. J. W. Ervin, Unionville, Mo., which, because of the subject, should have been inserted out of its turn, but was overlooked, says, and we hope it is not too late for the request to do some good:

"I want to tell the dear brothers and sisters that way out here in Northern Missouri there is a district that has never had but one Sunday School. This year they are trying to have another. The people are very poor and could only make up a little over a dollar to get papers. What few they get will only come for three months. Now, I know when the papers give out the school will stop and the children having no place to go to spend their Sundays, a great many of them will be spent fishing or playing, when if we could have a few more papers to make the school interesting, it could and would be kept all Summer and Fall, maybe part of the Winter, a great deal of good done, and perhaps some brought to Christ, who would otherwise wander away. For days and days I have been trying to think of some plan to get a supply of papers. At last I concluded I would write to THE HOUSEHOLD of the BLADE and ask the band if there were not some who had old papers or lesson leaves they could send us. It don't matter what the date or name may be. Address them to the above."

"Bureau of Observation," Columbia City, Ind., talks in a very severe way to women:

"The ladies of our acquaintance are some thousands, and of every hundred of that number $9 will pass an upright, hard toiling young man, whose character is untarnished, his teeth unstained, and his hair uninjured, scarcely noticing him, but will bow to and smile upon a kid gloved, tobacconist's street advertisement, who takes his smoking cigar in one hand as he doffs his hat with the other and glances up with eyes, whose redness bear witness of evenings where the red wine maketh merry, and as they pass him audibly, whisper "How genteel! So composed!" when it is a brain benumbed by alcohol that furnishes him with what should be termed cheek.

My lady friends there will be drunkards as long you admire such puppets as these. Even the farmers' sons, when they visit the city, procure a supply of wine and cigars, that they may appear dandyfied, attract your notice and receive your appreciating smile, and as long as sugar and water contains elements of alcohol and you persist in calling the babblings of a mind made bold by wine, wit, the young men of America will rush on to ruin in defiance of you wielding the oars of the ballot box."

MRS M M. Oakwood, Kansas says:

"I thought I would not like Kansas, on account of the large prairies sweeping on as far as the eye can reach, with no hills to break the monotony except an occasional hill or mound. But here we have beautiful and well improved farms with well regulated homes, having as much taste and refinement as can be found in many older States, good schools and churches, everything in fact to make life prosperous and happy.

Let me add a few lines about our household pet;

> Two bright eyes are peeping
> Golden tresses shine through
> Starry laughing little orbs,
> Just of heaven's own blue.
>
> Skin of velvet softness,
> Ruby lips can't speak,
> But smilingly form dimples
> That play at hide and seek.
>
> Chubby little fingers
> Grabbing at your hair,
> Pearly teeth are gleaming
> Beautiful and fair.
>
> Precious little darling,
> Children call her sweet,
> But her real name is
> Grandpa's little Tete.

"Suggestion" writes the following:

"I would like to offer a few suggestions to those living in the country or in country towns. You often complain that it is so dull, no place to go to nothing by which the young people of the neighborhood, and the old ones, too, for that matter, could meet one another. What I want to suggest is this:

All of you meet by previous appointment, at some central place in the neighborhood, say the school house and organize a "reading."

Select some good standard book and appoint one of the members to read a portion of it at the next meeting, and you should meet once a week. Then request some of the others to be prepared to sing. Give recitations, read essays, etc. At your next meeting have another one read about an hour from the book allowing no one to read the book through until it is finished at the "reading."

Holland's works are good for young people, and would be very good to begin with. Then the Bronte novels, Dickens', &c., taking pains to select a book that will correct a wrong impression that may have taken possession of the young folks, one that will impart correct ideas of life, raise the morals and engender a desire for knowledge.

Insist on regular attendance and careful attention, and before a year has passed you will have been fully repaid."

Inquiries.

Dear Little Friends—I am a little girl 11 years old. I have pieced three quilts. Now I want to ask you if you will please send me some patterns for quilts. I would like a tulip pattern. Any kind will be thankfully received.—ALMA BARBART, New Mills, St. Clair Co., Mo.

Will some kind member of THE HOUSEHOLD please tell me how to can pears.—YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

Will some reader of the BLADE please send me the words to the following songs entitled "Just Behind the Scenes" and also "Paddy Grant's Travel Around the World."—ERNEST E. DARLING, Bangor, LaCrosse Co., Wis.

Will some member of THE HOUSEHOLD please tell me how to prepare a quilt ready for quilting on a machine? Also the name and address of some weekly paper published in the Dominion called the *Free Methodist*?—L. A. L.

Will some one who has made vinegar out of tomatoes please tell their method of doing so, and oblige?—A KANSAN.

If any member of THE HOUSEHOLD has the song "Tramp, Tramp," will they kindly send it to me? If they will send me their address on a postal card I will send stamped envelope to them. Address MRS A. MORTON, Vineland, Douglas Co., Kansas.

Will some one please give me the proportions and mode of preparing a mixture for waxing and polishing a hard wood floor?—E. E. H.

Will the lady who sent the recipe for the cure of rupture with oil of egg be kind enough to send it to Box 330, Seneca Falls, N. Y.? I would like it as soon as possible. Does she know it will cure any kind of rupture of long standing and a lady?

Will some one favor me with the mode and process of decorating China ware, silk and satin?—NANNIE.

Are "Shirley Dare" and "Susan Power" the same person? What are we to employ boys at during vacation of school, who are too poor to let them be idle and too proud to let them work?—M. E. K. E.

Shirley Dare and Susan Power are one and the same person.

We cannot understand the feeling of being "too proud to let boys work." It seems to us if you are "too poor to let them be idle," the only proper, honorable thing to do is to put them at some employment. There is nothing degrading about honest labor.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Will some kind reader of the BLADE please inform me in regard to the climate, productions, advantages, etc., of Colorado? What advantages have women as professionalists or teachers? Any information in regard to desirable locations in the West will be gladly received. Address through the BLADE or by card to GRACE GORDON, Newark, Ohio, Box 314.

Would the lady that said, prepare your own baking powder, send a recipe for making it?—MRS S. J. HANSON.

Will some of the BLADE readers tell me how to can tomatoes so they will keep? I have no trouble with other fruits, but fail on tomatoes.—E. S. HULIN, Vanderbilt, Tenn.

Answers to Inquiries.

If the lady who said her fuschia and begonia leaves curled up will look on the under side of the leaves I think she will find they are troubled with red spiders. Water, in which there is a little whale oil soap will kill them.

Since my offer of a dove pattern to the lady asking for it I have been almost smothered with postals asking if I had a cat or horse pattern. I am too busy to answer them, but will refer them to the advertisement in the BLADE of June 2d, where they will find the desired information and save me the trouble of answering them by postal.—CHATTA BELLA, Box 27, Linden, Mich.

To can string beans prepare same as for table use and boil 1 hour, salted a little. Then pack in the can and boil 3 hours with cover on the can loosely. Then seal tight. Mine was just as fresh and natural as anything I ever canned.—MICHIGAN.

Many thanks to "Lizzie McBridge" for offering to send me that song. I have received about 50 copies of each, and are ever so much obliged to the members of THE HOUSEHOLD for being so accommodating.—JENNIE S. R.

"Hattie Smith," I am trying a cure for Tetter in my hands, and think it will prove a sure one. Put pine tar in a coffee cup ¼ full; fill up with water; drink it off through the day; repeat every day; grease your hands with any soft grease or salve of inside bark of elder and fresh butter; is best every evening before retiring for the night; then spread some of the tar on soft white rags to wrap around each finger or sore place; wrap another rag all around the hand to keep all in place till morning. It will stain the hands, but that is nothing compared with the tetter, as it will come off after the hands are well.—ORDELIA WALRUTH.

Tell "Jenny" the bed spread is called "feather pattern;" that 24 stitches makes the feather and put a team of parties to stitch between the feathers, knitting it each time.

1st row—Narrow 4, widen 8, narrow 4.
2d row—Knit back like a heel or purl.
3d row—Knit plain.
4th row—Like 2d.

By narrowing I mean knit two together; by widening, make one by throwing the thread over the needle. This is the pattern. Repeat 1st, 2d 3d and 4th indefinitely. Five feathers or 125 stitches makes a nice sized tidy.—ANNIE.

To M. S. C., of Billings, Christian Co., Mo.—Thanks for the samples of "leaf edging" you sent me. I gave your address to an employe of the L. M. & S. Railway, and I suppose ere this time you have received circulars in regard to lands for sale, the prices, etc. Usually, in this part of Arkansas, there are plenty of peaches and plums. But this year they are an entire failure. Apples do not grow well. As regards climate, in June, July and August it is very warm. The remainder of the year the climate is splendid. You wanted to know if we had chills. Yes, indeed! I think we do! Those circulars I presume, will tell the truth about the prices of land. But you must make a great deal of allowance for the quality of it. This is a poor farming country, cotton being the main product. For men who want to trade, or go into any kind of business, this State is as good as any.—KATE.

In the BLADE of June 16, in the column of Inquiries, is a request for three songs but the address signed is wrong. It should be E Box 92, instead of 98, and Judsonia," instead of "Jodsonia." If any have written about the songs, will they please write again?

"Wild Rose," asks about patterns for spatter work. I have made spatter pictures of crosses. I cut a pattern for the cross out of stiff paper, then I go to the woods, get ferns, small, nice shaped leaves, little vines, etc., and use them for patterns for the rest.—E, Box 92, Judsonia, Ark.

Recipes.

CUSTARD PIE MADE WITH WATER.

Mix 1½ tablespoonfuls of corn starch with a small quantity of cold water, add 2 well beaten eggs, 4 tablespoonfuls of sugar, a little butter and nutmeg. Stir this in a quart of boiling water and boil 2 minutes. Line a pie dish with crust, bake it, pour in the mixture, and set in the oven a few minutes.

In the recipe for preventing chicken cholera it should have read a pint of water instead of a pail of water.—ISA.

GRAHAM BREAD.

Set the sponge the same as for white bread and with white flour. When it is light take nearly 3 pts of it and stir into it 1 teaspoonful of salt, ½ cup sugar and 3 cups of graham flour (common sized teacups). Grease a 2 quart basin, into which put the dough and set in a warm place to rise. When you can see it is rising, put it in a steamer over a kettle of boiling water, and steam two hours. The water must not stop boiling until it is done. It is well to keep the tea kettle on the stove with plenty of boiling water in it, as sometimes the water boils away before the bread is done. A person trying this recipe may have to learn a little by experience about the thickness of the dough, as some set their sponge stiffer than others, and cups are not all of the same size. If too stiff it will be dry and hard when steamed. If not stiff enough it will fall while steaming. Care must be taken also that it does not get too light before put to steaming, as it rises very fast when it first begins to steam. I have tried to be particular and mention everything to be done in making this bread, for I thing in bread-making, as in almost everything else in life success depends upon our being faithful in little things."—ELIZA.

CREAM PIE.

I have just finished reading a cream pie recipe requiring 1½ cups of sweet cream. I would like the sisters to try a recipe which requires no cream, and is exceedingly delicate. For one pie take 1 egg, 1 good table-spoonful sugar, 1 table-spoonful flour, lump of butter the size of a hickory nut, whip well together, then add 1 pint of milk; stir all briskly together, and bake with one crust; flavor to suit.—FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

PUDDING WITHOUT MILK OR EGGS.

Slice or quarter into your bake dish fine flavored apples to cover the bottom, sprinkle sugar over them and a very little of such spice as you like—nutmeg or cinnamon. Then put in a layer of crumbs of bread or stale sponge cake, and drop little chunks of butter over them, then apples, spice and crumbs until your dish is about full. Pour cold water over it all and bake. It is very toothsome.—LOU T.

GOOD BISCUIT.

1 qt. of flour, 2 teaspoonsfuls of baking powder; mix in the flour dry, (this can be done by sifting two or three times,) 1 pt. of sweet milk, ½ teacup of lard and a little pinch of salt. Roll then, spread butter over the top, double over, cut with a biscuit cutter, and bake in a quick oven.—AVA.

"PRUSSIAN LEDDER."

Poor Profits in the Shoe Business.

New Orleans Times.

If there is a merchant in New Orleans who can sell goods at any price he chooses to fix on them, Rube Hoffenstein, who keeps a clothing and shoe store on Poydras street, is the man.

A few days ago a customer entered his establishment and inquired:

"Have you got any low-quarter gaiters?"

"Certainly, my frent. I haf any style you vish, und someding dot vas neat. Now here vas a pair of gaiters vas is made of Prussian ledder. De best kind dat vas known, und I dinks dey vill suit you. Subbose you dry dem on."

"All right," replied the customer.

"Vait, my frent, und I'll put a leedle bowder in. Now dry dem. Ah! vat petter shoe you vant dan dat? It vits shust as if somepody takes your measure."

"It's too tight across the instep," said the customer, rubbing the spot with his fingers.

"It will schrech, my dear sir," replied Hoffenstein, persuasively, "dat ledder vas made expressly for stredching."

"But the shoe pinches my toes also."

"Dot is noding. It will go vay de first dime it gets vet. You don't vant to buy a pair uf shoes more as dree sizes too big und go around de ladies mit your feet looking like a gouple uf railroad scrabers. It vould be a shame, you know."

"What do you ask for the shoes?"

"Only seex dollars."

"Jerusalem! That's too much."

"Vell, my dear sir, you must recollect dat dem shoes vas made of Prussian ledder, and ledder dere vas scarce. My uncle vas life dere writes me last Winter and say dat ledder vas so scarce dey don't make harness mit it any longer. All de harness dere is now made of wool."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the customer, examining the shoe closely, "I'll give you four dollars."

"My g-r-racious! a Prussian ledder shoe for four dollars, ven it costs me more as five dollers and fifty cents laid at de depot down, and de profit on dem don't pay for the gas. My g-r-racious, vat's de matter mit de people?"

"Well, I'm not going to give six dollars for those shoes" said the customer, moving towards the door, "they are not worth it."

"Vell, my frent take them along for four dollars, und call around again some oder day."

The customer paid for the shoes and taking his parcel left the store.

"Herman," inquired Hoffenstein, of his clerk, "vat vas the cost price of dem sblit horse-ledder shoes I shust sold de shentleman?"

"Von collar und a half, sir."

"My gracious, Herman, dink how small de profit vas. If pisness, you know, Herman, don't get petter it vill preak all de store up."

Said Muggins to his Sarah—"Why, do you know I was a perfect fool when I was a boy?" Said Sarah to Muggins, (sweetly), "How little you show your age."—*Saginaw Lumberman.*

Our Young Folks.

EIGHT O'CLOCK.

> Eight times the clock has struck;
> The stars peep out to exhibit:
> Across the air they scamper
> A round of marching troops:
> In city, and village, and town,
> The children are going to bed.
>
> With foot steps swift or slow,
> With faces grave or bright,
> By twos and threes they go,
> All robed in gowns of white;
> And each, with a backward glance,
> Calls cheerily out, "Good-night!"
>
> Now darker grows the sky;
> The stars their watches keep:
> When next the clock shall strike
> With no low voice and deep,
> In city, and town, and town,
> The children will all be asleep.
>
> —*Wide Awake.*

BABY FINGERS.

> Baby fingers, baby fingers,
> With your little rosy tips,
> How he impress fondly lingers,
> When I press you to my lips.
>
> Little finger marks are staring
> At me from the whitened wall,
> Marks as fairy of roguish daring,
> Baby fingers made them all.
>
> In the work box, what confusion!
> Every thing is scattered round;
> Tangled silks and soiled pin-cushion,
> Thimble nowhere to be found.
>
> Little fingers splashing water,
> Up against the chamber door;
> Tired of that, not long you loiter,
> Now the coal-hod you explore.
>
> Grimy fingers, now you're reaching,
> And you've reached my fav'rite book;
> All in vain has been my teaching,
> Torn and dirty, only look!
>
> Papa's come, you must be taken,
> Scratch the chair and pull his hair;
> Surely you would be well shaken
> If you were not sweet and fair.
>
> Baby fingers, always finding
> Some new mischief to perform;
> Every day you're closer binding
> To my heart your baby form.
>
> But when night comes, baby fingers,
> Fluttering, clasp upon my breast,
> The careless touch still lingers
> After baby is at rest.
>
> M. P.

HOW TINKER BRADLEY FOUND THE NORTH POLE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

The Winter has been a long one and very hard. The ice on Deacon's Potter's mill pond had been wonderfully hard, and had staid so until the first week in March. Then it began to grow slushy, and the skating was gone, but the Winter hung round in one way and another until after the 1st day of April.

It was just as all the old folks said, never the less. When so hard a Winter as that was did at last break up, it went in a hurry, and the

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite queries, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc. Communications should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

QUERIES

Put by Blade Correspondents on Various Subjects.

HOG DISEASE.

About three weeks ago my hogs commenced to die with a very peculiar disease. The first thing we can discover of the hog commences to bleed at the nose. From that time on he is very stupid, refuses to eat or ill he dies. Sows that I have lost lost pigs, and I shut up the pigs in pens and have taken good care of them. Now the pigs are dying with the same disease. If you can give any information in regard to the cause or cure of the same, it will be gladly received by C. P. DARLING, Miles, Ia.

WINTERING BEES.

Will some one of the readers of the BLADE tell me the best method of wintering bees in this cold country? I lost several stands last Winter. I would like to hear from some one so that I can prepare for next Winter.—J. W., Inlet, Wis.

THE DAIRY BUSINESS.

Will some one, who is neither an enthusiast nor yet an unfortunate, please make a little calculation for me on a subject whose merits I do not understand. I want to go into the dairy business on a small scale, giving preference to the manufacture of butter. What is the least number of cows, the smallest area of land on which to raise hay and have pasturage, the necessary appurtenances for the manipulation of this establishment, and capital required to start on, presuming that the profit realized in a short time would purchase articles not absolutely needed at starting.

Kindly your figures to suit the fact that I would have to hire some one to help milk and superintend the manufacture of the butter. Also that my capital for this investment is limited to about $500.—A HOUSE BE DAIRYIST.

"ARIZONA DISEASE—WHAT IS IT, AND WHAT WILL CURE IT?"

Perhaps some of the BLADE readers can explain, if so, you will confer a favor by doing so through the BLADE. The disease is among cattle. The first indications noticed, was a labored breathing a groan with every breath, stiffness in the limbs, and when lying down, after stretched out at full length or with the head around the side, no operation in the bowels. They linger in fearful misery a few hours then die. When opened there is found an enlargement of the heart (about as large as a man's hand) and the lungs seem shrivelled up about four inches long (each side) and less than one inch through, and a growth from one to five inches through, like the scales of a fish, and extending about two thirds around, and into the wind pipe from the lungs to the mouth (sometimes not more than half the length, and in other cases the full length. this growth is flesh and blood with a preponderance of the latter, and every appearance of having, (together with the heart and lung) mortified before death. No cattle have it (so far) over one year old, nor less than six months.—A READER, Carl Junction, Mo.

HOW TO KEEP EGGS.

Can you inform me through your valuable paper, where I can get the recipe to keep eggs from now until Winter? How are eggs put up sold in Winter as "prime eggs?" or is there any patent process to keep them? Where can I get it?—H. J., Stone Church, Ill.

THE BLIND MOLE.

Can not some of the numerous readers of the BLADE tell us a sure way to catch what is usually termed the Blind Mole. I am very much annoyed by them and cannot catch them. If any one will tell me how I will be under many obligations.—F. M. WADSWORTH.

CHICKEN CHOLERA.

My chickens, old and young, are dying with the cholera very fast. What is good for it, can you tell me? Please to answer in the BLADE.—MRS. JAS. ASHBA.

APPLE TREES.

Will some reader of the BLADE please inform me if there is anything that can be placed around the roots of young apple trees that will prevent the borers from working in them?—A. W. KAHN, Ottawa, Kans.

STRAWBERRY BED.

Will any of your readers give a plan for a strawberry bed in a small garden, that will not mat and become a nuisance? Tell when to set the plants when to trim them, and say if they will not do better in rows than in beds; and give the name of the largest and sweetest variety, and where they can be obtained?—E. A. GREGORY, Summit, Ia.

EVERGREEN TREES.

Will some of the BLADE readers tell us which of the evergreen trees would be best to plant for wind break on the high prairies in this latitude? Would the European larch be hardy here? Will you also tell me how to grow evergreen from seed?—M. R. M., Harlan, Iowa.

POTATO BUGS.

Can any of the readers of the BLADE inform me what will keep the bugs off of the potato vines?—J. M. C., Muncie, Ill.

MISSOURI LAND—A SPAVIN CURE.

I would like to correspond with some one in Central Missouri in regard to the price of land. Will "Mackintyre," whose letter appeared in the BLADE some time time back, please send me his address?

Will some one of the many readers of the BLADE knowing a cure for boy or blood spavin, give the same?—HENRY LAND, Box 41, Sullivan, Ind.

RINGBONE AND SPAVIN.

Can you give me a good recipe that will cure ringbone and spavin on young horses, and also remove puffs, and oblige a subscriber,—WM. MOYAR, Kane City, Pa.

Information for "Jake."

In the Farm Department in the BLADE of May 19, "Jake" wants to know which will carry off the most water, a double drain of six-inch tile, or one of eight-inch, and the difference. These are to each other as the squares of their diameters. Two six inch will carry off 72 units of water, while one eight-inch will carry off only 64 units.—H. E. RYAN, Williamsville, Sangamon Co., Ill.

In answer to "Jake," of Farm Ridge, Ill., I reply: Will crabapples will not diminish the flow in milk, when eaten by cows, if they have good pasture.

2. The area of one-sixth-inch tile is 28.2744 sq inches, and two-six inch equals 50.5488 sq inches; one-eight inch tile equals 50.2656 sq. inches, *i.e.*, 50.2656 sq. inches equals the area of an eight inch circle.—SAMUEL P. GRAY, Tontogany, O.

Hungarian Grass and its Relatives.

This season we have an unusual number of inquiries as to Hungarian Grass, Hungarian Millet, Italian Millet, and German Millet, which are different names for forms of the same grass. Besides these, such names as Tennessee Millet, Missouri Millet, etc., given in some localities for the same grass. The only important difference between those called Millet and the others is, that they produce larger crops of seed. As a grain crop this—for they may all be regarded as one, and called Hungarian Grass—is hardly worth consideration, but as a forage crop it is often of great value, being a quick-growing annual, it may be sown to supplement the hay crop when that is found to be short, and it often allows land to be usefully occupied when it might otherwise lie fallow until the time to sow grain. It is not a crop for poor land, its life is very short, and it should be pushed to its full extent, in order to get a heavy crop of succulent fodder, and a large return. A light warm soil, with a dressing of some stimulating fertilizer—the equivalent of 300 lbs. guano to the acre—will give a heavy or ready to mow in six or seven weeks after sowing. It may be sown with safety on proper soil as late as the middle of this month except, of course in far northern localities. The land being well prepared, the seed is sown broadcast at the rate of a bushel to the acre; some sow but three pecks, which may do if the land is very rich, but there should be a thick stand, that the herbage may be fine and tender. After sowing, harrow lightly, or brush in the soil, avoiding too deep covering. This grass should be cut *early* that is, while in flower, and not only before the seed is ripe but before it begins to ripen. All the fault that has hitherto been found with Hungarian Grass is due to late cutting. Not only does the base of the stalk become hard and the lower leaves poor and trashy, but the small, rough bristles that surround the seeds become very firm and harsh, and are said, no doubt with truth, to have seriously irritated the stomachs of animals that have eaten the hay. As all do not observe with sufficient closeness to determine when the grass is in flower, for that is the proper time at which to cut it, it will be safe to mow as soon as the head is visible on a large share of the plants; a few days too early is far better than a few days too late.

There is nothing about the curing different from other hay; the aim should be to cure it green, in which state it is highly relished by stock of all kinds. Two crops have been taken from the same ground in one season; and one farmer in Tennessee reports that on October 10th, he secured an excellent crop from a sowing made on September 1st. It is not claimed that hay from Hungarian Grass has the nutritive value of that from the perennial grasses, but it makes a most excellent substitute, and the seed can be sown even at this late day and make a most useful hay crop.—*American Agriculturist*.

Will Bee-Keeping Pay?

Of course it will. There is nothing that either men or women can engage in that will pay anywhere as well as bee culture; and there is nothing as well adapted for the farmer's sons and daughters as bee-keeping; and if they would take hold of four or five colonies of Italian bees they never would want for a few dimes to go to a strawberry festival, and perhaps they might want to go to that world-renowned exposition that always visits every village about the July days; and if they have been good, industrious boys and girls, and have looked after bees, they will have the satisfaction of having their own money, and will not have to ask father for the money when he is so pushed with his crops and so short of money to pay hands. But to make the keeping of bees a success, you must go into it understandingly; and if you have not already the bees on hand, you will have to purchase a few colonies, and be sure to get Italians. If they are not in a moveable comb they will have to be transferred. You will then have them in a hive that you have complete control over, even to examine every comb and seeing every bee or queen in the hive.—*American Bee-Keeper*.

A Fixture for a Kicking Horse.

Mr. "H. W. S.," New Hanover, Pa., writes to the American Agriculturist: "I will give you my method of treating a kicking horse. Procure a heavy bit and a strong strap; fasten one end of the strap to one ring of the bit and pass it between the front legs until it reaches back of the belly band. Put on a strong ring, and bring the other end of the strap back again, and fasten it at the other ring of the bit. Another strong strap is fastened, one end to the leg just above the hoof, and then brought through the ring and back again and fastened in the same manner to the other hind leg. The strap should be made tight enough to prevent the horse from being entangled. By this method the horse can be worked without wearying him, except when he wishes to kick."

Sheep in Orchards.

Mr. A. R. Whitney, of Franklin Grove, Lee county, Illinois, the largest orchardist in the United States, having 45,000 bearing trees, told us at the recent meeting of the American Nurserymen's Association, at Dayton, that he could not get along in his orchard at all without sheep. By eating the early decayed fruit that falls they keep in check the coddling moth—the worst enemy of the apple-grower. While the fruit of his neighbors, who do not keep sheep, suffers badly, his fruit is smooth, sound and uninjured. For a great many years the Rural World has been urging all large orchardists to let sheep run in their orchards, especially till picking time begins to prevent the depredations of the new brood. All who practice it report the best results with their fruit.—*Rural World*.

Kill the Weeds.

There are thousands of acres of good land uncultivated at this season all over the West, owing to the late spring and the lack of help. If left in its present condition it will produce a large crop of noxious weeds, that will seed thousands of other acres with these pests of the farm. There is yet time to put in millet, Hungarian grass, buckwheat or turnips. These crops will pay far better than to let the weeds grow. There are indications that all kinds of forage will command good prices next winter, and now is the time to provide a supply. Plow up the weeds and put in some of the crops that will mature. They may pay better than wheat or corn, and in any event it will destroy the weeds.—*Iowa Homestead*.

Protecting Clover Hay.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune gives the following recipe for rendering stack covers made of unbleached muslin water-proof and also mold-proof: "Take common resin soap, dissolved in cold water to the consistency of paint, give it a good coat thoroughly rubbed in, let it dry 48 hours, make a strong solution of common alum, and soak it therein, occasionally turning the cloth so as to expose every part to the action of the alum; dry, and the article is ready. This should be repeated once in two years when used and exposed to the weather, as an awning usually is. Cost is trifling. Will not rot or crack, as with paint or oil.

STRAW BAIL.

Reduced to a Science in New York and Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, July 14.—John Cronin, a married man, was arraigned before Police Justice Otterbourg, on the 7th of November last, in the Fifty-seventh Street Police Court, upon the complaint of Issabella Murphy, a young woman, who desired to have him compelled to contribute toward the maintenance of her child. Justice Otterbourg committed Cronin to await examination in default of $500 bail. Soon afterward a man who gave the name of William Gerecke of 315 East Thirty-eighth street, presented himself in the court room, and offered to become surety for Cronin. He swore that he was the owner of the house at 315 East Thirty-eighth street. Cronin was released. Soon afterward it was ascertained that the man had falsely personated the real Gerecke. Recently it was ascertained that the man was Daniel H. Geiger, of 792 Monroe street, Brooklyn, and he was arrested. In the City Prison he professed to be able to expose the work of a gang of professional straw bail men operating in this City and Brooklyn. But he gave no evidence satisfactory to District Attorney Rollins. He pleaded guilty of perjury yesterday in the General Sessions, and Recorder Smyth sentenced him to State Prison for five years.

It Will Not Last Long There.

Philadelphia Press.

Mr. McCroskey, of Somerville, Tenn., who drew $50,000 in the Louisiana State lottery, has gone to the White Sulphur Springs of Virginia to try the efficacy of that famous resort for getting rid of it.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

Bookwalter's Money Bags Nominated on the Second Ballot.

Old-Time Bourbons Sent to the Rear to Study Their Catechism.

To be Consistent, Crowe Hangs to the Tail of the Ticket.

COLUMBUS, July 13.—On the reassembling of the Convention this afternoon Daniel Flannigan presented the report of the Committee on Permanent Organization. The report, as follows, was adopted:

Permanent Chairman—Gen. Thomas E. Powell, of Delaware.

Permanent Secretary—W. B. Alberson, Ashland County.

Assistant Secretaries—W. G. Cooper, Meigs County; Thos. J. Cogan, Hamilton; Dr R. G. Williams, Stark; Thomas Weitzler, Fairfield; J. D. Delzer, Cuyahoga; E. S. Dodd, Lucas.

Gen. Powell, on being introduced, made a brief speech. While the Secretaries were counting the first ballot the Committee on Resolutions reported the following resolutions, which were adopted:

The Democrats of Ohio, proud of their citizenship in this great State, for the purpose of maintaining the prosperity of the Commonwealth, and to promote the welfare and happiness of the whole people, submit the following declaration of principles upon which they ask the suffrages of the people:

The equality of all people before the law; equal taxation, unpolitical legislation and a free and pure ballot as the corner stone of free institutions and opposition to monopolies and subsidies of all kinds; the strictest economy in National, State and local administration, that labor may be lightly burdened; the maintenance and advancement of the common school system.

Resolved, That the abuses of the present contract system in our State prison by which the products of criminal labor are brought into competition with the products of honest labor, to the great injury of the latter, is vicious and unwise, and should be corrected.

Resolved, That the course of the last Republican Legislature deserves the condemnation of the people for its incompetency, hypocrisy, its unnecessary and heavy increase in the burdens of taxation, and for the passage of unconstitutional acts, and for its reorganization of the benevolent institutions of the State solely as a medium for the distribution of spoils.

Resolved, That as the humanities are not partisan, and as the treatment of criminals should be non political, the management of the charitable institutions of the State should be free from partisan change or appointment.

Resolved, That we are in favor of a civil service reform, whereby offices shall be held to be a public trust, to be administered for the public good, and not spoils to be enjoyed as the reward of partisan zeal or service.

Resolved, That the Democrats of Ohio in this year, as in all years, are in favor of the largest individual liberty consistent with the public order, and are opposed to legislation merely sumptuary.

Resolved, That in the recent discovery of enormous peculations in high Federal places, and the Republican attempt to purchase votes by corruption should convince the country that the Republican organization is not worthy of public confidence.

Resolved, That the power delegated to the general Government to regulate commerce among States as well as the power reserved to the States, to regulate commerce within their own borders, should both be exercised to prevent unjust discriminations and unreasonable charges by our railroads.

A tariff for revenue levied and adjusted in its details with a view to equity in the public burdens and the encouragement of productive industries, without creating monopolies, and we favor the appointment of a commission to suggest a method of revision which shall accomplish this result.

The committee also recommended the adoption of the following though not included in the platform:

Resolved, That we deeply deplore the recent attempt upon the life of the President of the United State by an assassin; denounce assassination in a republic as the highest and most revolting of crimes, and we extend to the President and his family our deepest sympathies and our earnest hopes that a speedy recovery be vouchsafed to him.

The Convention immediately proceeded to make nominations for Governor.

FIRST BALLOT.

John W. Bookwalter,	300½
Isaac J. Miller,	22
John W. Follett,	133
George W. Geddes,	104½
George M. Jewett,	23
Henry B. Banning,	61
L. D. Thoman,	79
Theodore Cook,	37
W. W. Armstrong,	47

Total vote, 682; necessary to a choice, 342.

The names of W. W. Armstrong and Judge Thoman were withdrawn before the second ballot. On the second ballot John W. Bookwalter was nominated amid great cheering and excitement.

The second ballot for Governor resulted:

Theodore Cook,	5
George M. Jewett,	6
Banning,	32
Geddes,	57
Follet,	193½
Bookwalter,	389½

The other nominations were made as follows:

For Lieutenant-Governor, Edgar M. Johnson, of Cincinnati.

Supreme Judge, E. F. Bingham, of Franklin.

For State Treasurer, A. F. Winslow, of Cleveland.

For Attorney-General, Frank C. Dougherty, of Highland County.

Public Works, John Crowe, of Defiance.

The State Central Committee met tonight and organized by electing John G. Thompson Chairman. The following Executive Committee was elected: Clark Irvine, Chairman; W. T. Bishop, Vice-Chairman; George B. Okey, Secretary; Jacoq Reinhart, Treasurer; Lewis G. Bernard, John G. Doren, Allen O'Myers, D. C. Ballentine and John L. Vance.

Sen. Pendleton was serenaded to-night. He made a lengthy speech in which he condemned the spoils system. He considered it a brutality in politics.

AN OHIO BIGAMIST

Sent to the Indiana Penitentiary.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 14.—John B. W. Davis, arrested yesterday in Hamilton, O., on a charge of bigamy, was arraigned to-day in the Criminal Court, pleaded guilty and was sentenced for two years to the penitentiary north. Davis is the son of a prominent official in Hamilton, but has lived in this city for several years, together with his wife and daughter. Some months ago he secured an introduction under the name of D. Weller, to Miss Kassie Hout, and on the 11th of May they were married, and left immediately, as she supposed, for Tennessee. She brought him a dowry of several hundred dollars. Instead of stopping in Tennessee, he kept on until they finally settled in Texarkana. Last month she found a letter addressed John B. W. Davis, and signed "your wife," which excited her suspicions, and she followed up the clue until she became satisfied of his former marriage. Davis denied it, and came north with her to prove his name was Weller, but upon reaching Terre Haute he gave her the slip, came on here and got his family, and jumped for his former home at Hamilton. The Hout woman, determined upon revenge, followed him up, as above.

ROWELL'S RUSE

To Create the Impression that He Had Committed Suicide.

A Suspicious Royal Arcanum Society Declines to be Duped.

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 15.—In January last Silver L. Rowell was a resident of Bath, Steuben County, where, for five years, he had worked as a carriage-maker. He was considered a thrifty, frugal and industrious mechanic, and had saved from his earings nearly $2,000. Being a husband and father he had looked forward to the possible calamities of life, and held certificates for $7,000 in the Royal Arcanum Empire Order and United Workmen. About the 20th of February he moved to Niagara Falls, and his family were to follow as soon as a house was obtained for them. He rented a house and moved in, but stopped temporarily at the Niagara House. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon of February 22 he suddenly discovered that his money, some $800, was missing. He immediately telegraphed his wife that he had lost his money and not to come on. On the morning of the 23d he failed to put in an appearance at breakfast. An examination of his room revealed the fact that the bed had not been occupied. An overcoat and two unfinished letters to Mrs. Rowell had been left. The letters were in a despondent mood over the loss of the money. A search for the missing man was made, but no tidings were gained. When Mrs. Rowell arrived she said there was a suicidal tendency in Rowell's family, a brother and a sister having attempted to end their own lives, the latter successfully. Further search resulted in the finding of a bundle of clothes on the river bank, which were fully identified as those of the missing man, and so it was concluded that one more unfortunate had been buried by the mighty cataract. In May last demands were made on the societies for the insurance and the claim was backed up with affidavits setting forth the facts given above. The Secretary of the Royal Arcanum was not satisfied; neither was the Treasurer; so they employed F. M. Wright, a detective, and set him to work. It was a long hunt, and at times there seemed no hope of unearthing the fraud that the detective was sure had been committed. Last June, while the detective was still at work a body was found at Niagara Falls. It had lain a long time in the water, and was almost unrecognizable, but it was supposed to be that of Rowell. The body was buried at Drummondsville, Canada; but when the detective got there with Mrs. Rowell's cousin and Detective Curtin of this City, the body was exhumed and an inquest held. When it was found in the river the corpse had a bullet hole in the head and a rope tied around the neck. After deliberation the jury came to the conclusion that the body was that of Oliver L. Rowell, and so rendered their verdict. The inquest seemed to show that Rowell, on the night of February 23, left the hotel near 10 o'clock, went to the house he had rented, took a rope or cord, and then went to the Falls, divested himself of his clothing, tied the rope around his neck, having attached a weight to the end of the rope, placed the weight in the water, and, putting a pistol to his head, fired and fell, and was swept over the falls. An examination of the skull showed a small bony tumor upon the inside, which the medical witnesses testified was sufficient to so affect the brain as to produce insanity. So all the detectives' theories of fraud and conspiracy went for naught. The body was reburied, and the friends and family were fully convinced that they had shed tears above the grave of Rowell. The assessment for the payment of the money was made, but it was held a special fund for further investigation. Meantime it came to be known that Mrs. Rowell had met a man at Brockton, 50 miles from this City, and had been shown a letter. She had also sent a cipher dispatch, which was found to have been ordered sent to the postmaster at Connorsville, Ind., to deliver to O. V. R. Hullett when called for Mrs. Rowell was then again tackled by the detective, and she admitted that she had met a man who claimed he could show her a letter from her husband and convince her that her husband still lived. She declined to go more into detail. The man Hullett was arrested when he called for the telegram, and he turned out to be the long lost Rowell, and was at the time a vender of coffee-pots and other kitchen furniture. On being asked for an explanation of his conduct he said he was tired of living with his wife, that her father was wealthy and abundantly able to take care of her; that the old man was "down on him," and if he was out of the way and supposed to be dead, the old man would come down liberally to her; that he had got tired of his old clothes and had a right to leave them where he plessed. There was nothing criminal in Rowell's act, and he was discharged, but the $7,000 were saved. There still remains the question, "Whose is the body in the Drummondsville grave?" It certainly is not that of Rowell.

PARIS GREEN.

A New York Girl of 14 Attempts Suicide.

NEW YORK, July 14.—In Sheriff Street, near the Eleventh Precinct Station House, a young girl was found last evening suffering apparently from sickness. She is a delicate looking creature, not quite 14 years old, and she was soon found to be vomiting paris green. Several women brought her to the Houston Street Station, where she told Sergeant Meade that she was hungry and had not eaten anything since Saturday. The Sergeant thereupon got some pie for her, which caused her to vomit more paris green, and she was at once removed to Bellvue Hospital, where she now lies in a critical condition.

On being questioned she said her name was Emma Meyer, and that she lived at No. 518 East Sixth street, but she had not been home since Saturday night. She said at first that some girls had thrown the paris green in her face and some of it got down her throat, but on being pressed further she admitted that she had taken it because she had a bad headache and did not care to live. She procured the poison in a drug store near City Hall, telling the druggist that her mother wanted it to kill rats. She took a portion of the poison at 11 o'clock yesterday morning, and another dose at 3 in the afternoon. She said she had stayed in Sheriff street since Saturday night, but could not remember the address.

Sergeant Meade said last night that the girl was the most depraved for one of her years he had ever seen. A year ago her mother had a man arrested for committing an outrageous assault on her daughter, and last night the girl said a druggist in Essex street had recently assaulted her. The girl's mother is a widow, in humble circumstances, living with a crippled son and her young daughter. She said last night that her daughter Emma was very wayward and had caused her much trouble. She pretended to be working during the day in a tobacco store in Twenty-eighth street, but on Saturday nights did not bring home any money. Her mother threatened to have her sent to the Island if she failed last Saturday to bring home her earnings. She thought this was the reason she attempted to commit suicide.

The girl has run away from home several times before and had been brought back by the police. Although she will not be 14 years old for several months, Mrs. Meyer said the girl was entirely beyond her control, and neighbors said she was a very wicked and unmanageable person.

The Liver.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

As between Garfield and Conkling, there is capital seeking investment that the liver of the President is in much the better condition of the two.

A BRAVE WOMAN.

A Missouri Victim of a Cyclone on Her Return to Ohio.

Without Money or Food, With Five Children Clinging to Her.

Fortunately She Finds Friends in Chicago, Who Help Her on the Way.

CHICAGO, July 13.—The Tribune says: If anybody desires to enjoy an exposition of genuine American pluck, he or she—for the sight will prove at least as interesting to the lady as to the gentleman reader—had better some time during the day mount an Ogden avenue car and, taking the extension line at Thirteenth street, ride upon it until a very short distance past the Douglas Park gate. It will be in order to dismount opposite a pair of willow trees which stand on the south side of the avenue, and beneath whose shade will be discovered a scene that will at once evoke their sympathies and challenge their admiration. There will be found a pioneer's camp with prairie schooner, camp-kettle boiling over a brush-wood fire, ponies grazing close at hand, suspicious dogs ready to bark or bite, according to the opinion which they have formed of the visitors, and some merry children scampering around in the shade. If it were the well organized camp of a party of hopeful men and women bound on their way West, there would not be much to excite curosity in it; in this case however, the face of the wagon is turned eastward, and the wagon is minus its wheels, and the camp equipment is miserably insufficient, and the whole poor establishment is presided over by one solitary little woman, who, after a six weeks' journey from Marshfield, a village in Webster, one of the Southwestern Counties of Missouri, while on her way to Steubenville, O., broke down at this spot and, freshly disheartened at the prospect before her, settled down with her five child companions under the shade trees and calmly awaited whatever further misfortune Providence might have in store for her. She would have borne up but for an accident; the wheels of the wagon—a very poor and used up specimen of the prairie schooner—gave way and, as there was no wheelwright present, and as she had no money to pay him for his labor if he had been, there was nothing left her but to stay where a culmination of her ill-luck had called a halt. Not only did the little woman have no money; she had no food either, and if it were not that two of the five youngsters were practical botanists and during the day gathered some wild salad with which she prepared a simple meal, they would have passed the day in absolute starvation.

This happened last Tuesday morning, and it was not until the evening that a friend in need came to her assistance, in the shape of a driver of one of the extension cars, who, noticing that there was no man in the camp, stopped to make inquiries, and, finding the case one worthy of assistance, at once proceeded to supply relief. The sympathies of the "boys" at the car barns were enlisted, and a subscription of $12.75 was promptly raised for the wanderers, and bread and other food procured to supply their immediate necessities. Thursday the attention of Mr. G. N. Davis of Lawndale, was called to the woman's condition and he too bestirred himself in her behalf, raising a money subscription for her, and collecting from grocers and market-men of his acquaintance a quantity of goods to be used on the line of march from Chicago to her destination in Ohio. The story of the party's destitution spread in the neighborhood, and ladies brought their spare clothing to clad the woman and children. The broken wheels were taken to a wheelwright's for repairs, and everything got in order for a fresh start, which will in all probability be made this afternoon.

Yesterday evening the camp was visited by a Tribune reporter, but other people who were present said that no item could then be gained of the misery of the scene which was presented before the kind friends had done their charitable work.

IT WAS MISERABLE ENOUGH AS IT WAS.

The only shelter on hand in case of storm was that provided by the foliage overhead, and the narrow confines of the canvas covered wagon, in which lay a sick boy of 14—a thin, s light lad, with a wizened face, that, despite the torture of ague endured for several days past, was full of energy and determination.

"If it wasn't for the boy I'd never have got this far" the woman said as she passed her hard over the boy's feverish forehead. "He was very sick at the time the wagon broke down, and could do nothing; he fixed those wheels up a dozen times, but the last time he hadn't strength to move himself. I had to allow then we had to stop."

"Won't you tell me something about your journey and how you came into this bad fix?"

"Certainly. The beginning of it all was in the cyclone last April a year ago. It was the 27th of April. We were living in a frame house in Marshfield, Mo. There were two families of us, myself and husband, and four children—one of them a baby—and my sister and her husband and two children. We were all in the house at the time the cyclone struck the town. I had my baby in my arms. The house was dashed to pieces; carried off in the air. My baby was torn out of my arms. My husband, my sister, and her husband were killed outright."

"And the baby?"

"I, nor nobody else, ever saw it again. My left arm was broken. That was a great trouble to me afterwards. I've never been able to do more than lift a tin of water with it since. Look at it."

The woman bared a long and thin and misshapen arm, showed where the fracture had occurred, and added:

"The doctor told me I would be able to use it again if I rested it; but, you see, how could I rest it?".

"How did you get along after the cyclone?"

"All the folks wanted me to go to the poorhouse, but I wouldn't do it. As long as I was able I determined to keep the youngsters—sister's and mine. I tried it for a year. The boy—that's a son of sister's—worked like a grown man to help me, but it was no use, and six weeks ago we started for Ohio. My father and mother live there, in Jefferson County, and I know if I can only reach there they will help me to getting a living."

"How old are the children you have with you?"

"The two oldest are sister's children—boys of 14 and 12. Then there are mine—a twin boy and girl of eight, and a little boy of five. That oldest boy—sister's boy, you know, that's him sick in the wagon, said we shouldn't go to the country. Oh, if you only knew what a heart that boy has in him!"

"How did you get along on the road?"

"Bad from the start. We had only a few dollars with us, and sickness came soon after we started, and we spent it all in doctoring. I was bound to push ahead, though, and we moved on, just getting what bread people liked to give us."

"Which way did you come?"

"I can't remember all the towns we went through. We crossed the Missouri at Jefferson City and the Mississippi at Louisiana. Then we crossed the Illinois River. I forget the names of the towns, but one was Joliet. All this way we had to beg our bread, and one time I went

FOUR DAYS WITHOUT FOOD.

At last we got here, the tires came off the wheels, the boy was sick and couldn't fix them, and so we had to stop."

"Have you written to your father and mother?"

"I can't write myself; I haven't got a bit of learning. Besides I don't know exactly what part of the country they're in. I'm pretty sure they are near Steubenville, though I was born in Ohio, but I left there quite young and don't remember much about it."

The reporter looked into the wagon before he left. The sick boy was getting up and pulling a woolen guernsey which a lady had just brought him over his terribly emaciated body.

"How do you feel now?" the reporter asked.

"A heap better," came the reply, full of earnestness, the boy at the same time giving the lady a look that was worth a hundred guerneys.

The lady then gave the poor woman a woolen shawl, placing it on her shoulders and telling her to keep it there as the night air was damp and chilly, and a bundle of clothing for herself and children, and some medicine with directions how to use it. Before she left she asked the woman how she felt.

The unfortunate woman's voice trembled as she answered:

"I'm all right now. This is a happy change—such a happy change. I am happy now—the first time since we started."

The Good Samaritans have done their work thoroughly. To-morrow will see the wagon ready to start on its way, and when it does so it will contain a handsome stock of bread, biscuit, bologna sausage, dried meats, and canned food of all descriptions. And the plucky little woman will have enough money in her pocket when these are gone to buy herself provisions for the rest of the journey. The children will be well clad, and bed-clothing will be on hand—an article which was conspicuous by its absence when the evening camp was first investigated by the feeling correspondent. And the ponies—the ponies must not be forgotten. When they arrived they were in sorry shape, but the Park men gave them the run of the grass south of Ogden avenue, and a week's laziness, with plenty to eat, has brought them into fine shape again. The wanderers have still hundreds of miles before them, but with such a solid Chicago backing they cannot fail to reach their Journey's end in safety.

PREVENTION OF CRIME.

An Agent of the New York Society Sent to State Prison for Perjury.

NEW YORK, July 15—William H. Holt, a small, thin and sharp-featured young man, last employed as a detective for Dr. Crosby's Society for the Prevention of Crime, was convicted of perjury in the General Sessions yesterday. Holt had caused the arrest on May 21 of Theodore Edgar and William Guy, charging that Edgar kept a gambling house at 57 and 59 Chatham street, and that Guy was the dealer. Holt swore that he had lost money in the house at faro, on May 17. The police broke into the house to seize Edgar and Guy, who, after a night at the station house, gave bail at the Tombs. On June 1 Holt signed an affidavit stating that the charge he had made against Edgar and Guy was groundless. Several days later, however, he repeated the charge before the Grand Jury, and Edgar and Guy were indicted. Holt's indictment for perjury followed the discovery of the facts.

One of the witnesses for the prosecution yesterday was D. J. Whitney, the chief agent of Dr. Crosby's society and Holt's employer. He testified that when Holt put in a bill for expenses he demanded an itemized bill, whereupon Holt said: "Well, you can pay it or not, I can make more out of the gamblers than I can out of you, anyway." Mr. Whitney heard a day or two later that Holt had retracted his charges against Edgar and Guy.

"Did you not supply money to Holt?" asked lawyer Coleman, in cross examination, "that he might go to gambling houses, play, and secure evidence?"

"Yes, sir," Mr. Whitney answered, "and I will do the same thing again whenever I have an opportunity."

Holt testified that he had been a manufacturer of bandoline and a shoemaker. He was engaged by Mr. Whitney on February 26 for $2 a day and his expenses. His first duty was to patrol the Tenth Ward on Sundays, and, if possible, buy drinks in saloons. He was not in the habit of drinking before he became an employee of the society, but acquired the taste for liquor in his new trade. On May 17, when intoxicated, he entered some gambling house in Chatham street. His honest impression was that it was at 57 and 59, and that he played faro with Edgar and Guy. It might be thought he had been confused by the liquor he had drank, he had afterward retracted his charge against them.

"Has it not been your business to blackmail gamblers?" asked Assistant District Attorney Lyon. "Do you know one Emerson, who keeps a gambling house in West Thirty-first street?"

"No, sir," said Holt to both questions.

"Then perhaps you will have the kindness to explain this note addressed to Emerson, found in your pocket after your arrest."

The letter was ruled out. In his summing up, Lawyer Coleman said that Holt was the victim of the society's fear of a prosecution for false imprisonment by Edgar and Guy. To shield itself, the society was anxious to secure Holt's conviction. The jury deliberated for three hours and convicted Holt. Judge Cowing sentenced him to State's prison for five years.

Mr. Whitney says that Holt learned shoemaking in the Massachusetts State prison, where he was confined some years ago. A nolle prosequi will be entered upon the indictment pending against Edgar and Guy.

THE HEBREWS.

Eighth Annual Council in Session.

CHICAGO, July 12.—The eighth annual council of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations convened here to-day, and was called to order by M. Loth, President of the Union. M. M. Gristley, of Chicago, was chosen temporary chairman, and made an address of welcome on behalf of the Hebrew congregations of Chicago. Frank Black, of St. Louis, was elected temporary Secretary. Committees were appointed. The Committee on Permanent Organization reported Judge Rosedale, of Albany, permanent President; Samuel Henle, Louisville, Vice President; Lipman Levi, Cincinnati, Secretary; Frank Black, Assistant Secretary. The report was adopted. Dr. Jacobs, by privilege, moved the passage of resolutions that this council shares in the common sorrow of the great crime that has imperiled the life of the President, gives prayerful utterance to a fervent hope that he may be spared, and tenders its sympathies to the family of the President. The resolutions were adopted by a rising vote.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

Linseed Oil and Sawdust Produces It.

SEDALIA, Mo., July 10.—To-day there was a genuine case of spontaneous combustion in this City, if the opinion of an intelligent physician and circumstantial evidence are of any value. This case is important from the fact that it endangered one of the most valuable business blocks in the City. The drug store of Dr. R. T. Miller, President of the State Druggists' Association, is the center of a fine brick block. One of the clerks let a gallon or more of linseed oil run on the cellar floor. They covered the oil with pitch pine sawdust, gathered up the whole mass, and put into a box in one corner of the cellar. The day was very warm, and about five hours after the material was put in the box, Dr. Mayfield, who was in the store, told the employes that he smelt a smouldering fire. An hour afterwards the box in the cellar was discovered to be in flames, and had it been permitted to burn and get good headway on Sunday, when no one was in the store, serious loss would have been caused.

Retribution.

Burlington Hawkeye.

An old yellow dog in Cologne,
Ran away with an old woman's bogne;
But the wrathful old crogne
Hit him twice with a stogne,
And 'twas dreadful to hear the dog grogne.

A TERRIBLE STORM.

Houses, Trees, Bridges, and Everything Movable Blown Away.

A Cow Lifted Up and Landed in a Cellar.

Women and Children Bruised, Stunned and Killed.

BENSON, Minn., July 14.—The Township of Mayer, in the immidiate vicinity of the Fairheld Postoffice, was visited by a terrific wind storm, tornado or cyclone about nine o'clock. The storm seemed to come from the northwest, veering around southward until it assumed an almost easterly direction, and levelled everything movable in its course.

From Dr. Marshall, of Appleton, who was called to attend the wounded, the following facts are learned: The first house in the track of the tempest was that of Wesley Havener, who lives on the west bank of the Pomme d'Terre River, in Mayer; it tore down over the hill, leveling trees around his house and prostrated it in an instant, throwing the man and his family out of doors and leaving them bruised, drenched, houseless and bereft of everything except the clothing on their bodies. They have suffered some very severe injuries, but none of them dangerous.

Four out of five horses were killed outright.

Next the storm took the bridge, a wagon bridge of a single span, about 40 feet, and lifting it from its foundation turned it over and dropped it about four rods down the river, where it now lies.

On the north and upper side of the bridge stood a small blacksmith shop, which it utterly demolished, passing on to the blacksmith's house, which it tore to pieces in its fury, hurling the man's wife and two children quite a distance from the building. The boy and girl, about five and seven years old, were insensible when the doctor left, and in a dangerous condition from their wounds, while the mother was scarcely better off, owing to her delicate condition.

The next in the course of destruction came the stone building of Mrs George Truin, in which she lived, kept store and the postoffice. She and her children and T. B. Boyle, her clerk, stayed in the house till the windows blew in, when they ran out and lay on the grass. They had scarcely got out when the building was blown to pieces, and with all its contents scattered over the prairie. Mrs. Train is a widow and is rendered destitute by this misfortune.

The next house visited was that of Henry Miller, which was unroofed and the upper part of it blew away with all the clothing, leaving the inmates to the mercy of the elements. Mrs. Miller sustained a very severe shock from fright and prostration.

Geo. Kepner, the oldest resident, who lives just south of the bridge suffered most severely from the storm. The house in which he was living and a new one he was erecting were both blown down and destroyed. The frame of a carpet lo

News of the Week.

TELEGRAPHIC CONDENSATIONS.

A son was born to Mrs. Fred. Grant on the 4th of July.

United States Treasurer Gilfillan is a temperance man.

The army-worm is stripping oat-fields in the vicinity of Goodland, Ind.

Cleveland boasts of having 6 750 dogs. Of this number 4,481 have license to live.

John Morehead, of Hancock County, O., died from the effects of the heat Tuesday.

Only 1,127 women sent their pictures to Forepaugh, claiming to be the handsomest women in the world.

The Prince of Wales has subscribed 100 guineas toward the National memorial to the Earl of Beaconsfield.

"Montpelier," well known as the home of Pres. Madison, and one of the historic places of Virginia, is advertised to be sold at public sale on July 28.

Two executions were expected to take place in St. Louis Friday; but the Judge has granted a stay in one case, and the other is also likely to be postponed.

The overflow of the Iowa River at Marengo has turned water into the doors of the Postoffice and Court House, and the public square has a covering of two feet.

At Potsdam, N. Y., this morning, Sherman's large gang saw mill burned, with 2,000,000 feet lumber and 18 houses. Loss, $100,000; insurance light.

Gov. Foster has received answers from nearly all the Governors of States and Territories indorsing his action in suggesting a day of prayer for the recovery of the President.

Hy. Smith, colored, was hung by a mob at Desarc, Ark., Saturday night, for ravishing a little orphan girl named Mattie Webb, and thrown into the river. He confessed the crime.

Prof. J. R. Warner, of Menominee, Wis., was fired upon three times by his wife, but escaped dangerous injuries. She was captured behind the door of a law office, whereshe fled for safety.

The health authorities at Milwaukee have discovered in a Polish family, on Railroad street, two cases of small-pox of the most malignant character, and have rigorously quarantined the house.

John Burnside, who died recently at Virginia Springs, after making bequests of $100,000, makes Oliver Bierne, of Virginia, his universal legatee. The estate is valued at from $5,000,000 to $6,000,000.

The landslip in the Canton of Berne, Switzerland, which is one mile wide and three miles long, continues to move toward Lake Thun at the rate of three inches per day. Houses in its path are deserted.

William Dodson, Pleasant Adams, Richard Bates and Joe Benton, colored men, convicted for burning the Academy of Music at Greenville, S. C., December 7, 1879, have been sentenced to be hanged in September.

Gen. John C. Pemberton, who commanded the Rebel forces at Vicksburg during the memorable siege which ended in surrender to Gen. Grant, July 4, 1863, died at Pennlyn, Pa., yesterday, at the age of 64 years.

The Greenbackers of Wisconsin have nominated E. P. Allis, of Milwaukee, for Governor; Daniel Giddings, of Fond du Lac, for Lieutenant Governor, and Wilson H. Hopkins, of Chippewa Falls, for Secretary of State.

It is estimated that there are $90,000,000 registered five per cents. outstanding which cease to draw interest October 1. There are upwards of $12,000,000 of coupon five per cents. out which cease drawing interest August 12.

Ex-Sen. Dorsey was interviewed at Kansas City, on his way to New Mexico, where he has one of the finest ranches in the Territory. He thinks Conkling will either be re-elected, or the Legislature will adjourn without making an election.

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln has greatly improved in health, is able to ride out and receive callers. The news of the attempted assassination of Pres. Garfield almost prostrated her, and induced a renewal of illness which lasted till next day.

Hon. H. R. Revels, ex-United States Senator, has been chosen presiding elder of the Jackson District by the white M. E. Conference of Mississippi. Mr. Revels was offered, but declined, the editorship of the New Orleans Christian Advocate.

A medical paper at Liepsic has been fined 100 marks and the costs of the suit, brought by 75 homeopathic doctors, for publishing a lecture delivered before a Berlin medical society, in which homeopathy was denounced as quackery and swindling.

Mexican papers announce that Gen. Tiburcio Montiel, with 400 armed men, is endeavoring to bring about a revolution in the State of Hidalgo. The General claims that 20 of his men are engineers, and that he is going into the interior to settle some land difficulties.

A dispatch from Tunis says: Owing to the menacing attitude of the Arabs at Gabes, Europeans there have taken refuge on board shipping in port. Gabes is one of the towns the French probably intend to occupy. The Arabs declare they will resist occupation.

Wonderfully rapid canal digging is to be done in Florida, in connection with the scheme for reclaiming the vast area of swamp land. Powerful machines on floats will scoop out the soft soil to a depth of 15 feet and a width of 44. Nine mill on cubic yards will be thus excavated in about six months.

Thirteen persons died in Pittsburg and Allegheny City Sunday from the effects of the heat, and Sunday night there were eight sudden deaths in Allegheny City, and as many in Pittsburg. There were also some deaths yesterday in both Cities from the result of the heat. Small pox prevails in both Cities.

Guillermo, ex President of the Republic of Santo Domingo, is now in the Island of St. Thomas, purchasing arms and ammunition preparatory to the invasion of the country over whose destinies he once presided. He has a force of 400, and expects that on landing this force will be very greatly augmented.

Bradlaugh intends to create another scene in the House of Commons on the 3d of August. On that day he will present himself at the bar of the House and offer to take the oath. He will not be permitted, of course, and the usual scene will ensue. Bradlaugh will be removed by the Sergeant-at-Arms. Labouchere will protest, and Sir Stafford North cote will denounce Bradlaugh.

When a Nova Scotia jury in a civil suit has disagreed for four hours, the division remaining the same during that time the vote of the majority constitutes a verdict in law. In a recent case the four hours ran into Dominion Day, a legal holiday, and the Judge discharged the jury promptly at midnight, when an hour more would have given the plaintiff $4,000.

Prof. Eastman, of the United States Observatory, thinks that the comet will have entirely disappeared in two weeks. After it disappears Encke's comet will put in an appearance, one with which the astronomers are well acquainted. It has a period of three years and a half. Its ephemeris, which has already been computed, fixes the date of its arrival at July 29, and its disappearance at November 12.

The famous church bell controversy, which has been in the St. Louis courts for a year, has reached a Supreme Court opinion. The plaintiff complained that the bells of the Pilgrim Congregational Church were a nuisance, and sued to have them silenced by an injunction. Judge Lindsey decided that some relief was desirable, and that the opening on the side of the bell tower toward the plaintiff's house must be closed. This is equally unsatisfactory to both sides, and the case will go to the Court of Appeals

P. C. Scarlet, British Embassador to Mancebles Court, is dead.

The Charleston News says the President had won the entire South to him.

Col. Holloway's new paper, the Indianapolis Times, has made its appearance.

The boss brewers of Cincinnati have decided not to yield to the demand of their employes.

Edward Hanlon has decided to take part in the regatta at Erie, Pa., some time in August.

About $10,000,000 worth of writing paper is manufactured in the United States annually.

Last year California sent $1,000,000 worth of fresh fruit to States east of the Rocky mountains.

The corn crop in Indiana at this time is reported rather light, but plenty of rain may bring it out.

H. M. Rucker, a prominent banker of Paris, Ky., was fined $25 and costs for assaulting his sister.

It is estimated that the damage caused by the recent flood in Nebraska County, Iowa, is over $25,000.

The extensive oil works of Bush & Denslow, South Brooklyn, burned this morning. Loss, $50,000.

The official list of property of Vermont shows a total of $163,391,891; Last year it was $100,359,000.

The wheat crop of Kansas is estimated at fully 20,000,000 bushels. That of Michigan at 17,600,000.

The American Bible Society, since its organization, 61 years ago, has issued 38 882,811 copies of the Bible.

Accounts received from Spitzenbergen says the Arctic Winter was excessively severe. The ice is not breaking up.

F. B. Breaksheller, former Austrian Consul at St. Louis, was arrested at Galveston, charged with embezzling $14,000.

The wife and daughter of George Thomas were drowned at Plymouth, Mass., by the upsetting of a pleasure boat.

The rush to Europe just now is very great. Five steamships, laden with passengers, sailed from New York Friday.

Advices from Honolulu report that a lava stream from the Marina sea is likely to destroy a portion of Hilo and its harbor.

Hyde the American marksman, made the highest possible score for any rifle, for the association cup, at Wimbleton, at 600 yards.

Melville Fowler, of New York, a well-known writer on sporting matters, was seized with cramps and drowned at Rockaway Beach.

James Finkerman and Mack Skees quarreled over a game of cards, at Ironton, O., when Skees crushed Finkerman's skull with a brick.

Chicago bakers have ordered an advance of one cent per loaf in the price of bread, and a proportionate advance on their other products.

William Wertenbaker, Librarian of the University of Virginia, has just retired after more than 50 years' service, and receives full pay.

Carp have been successfully planted in the waters of several sections of the United States, and the reports are that they are doing finely.

Gov. Porter, of Indiana, has appointed J. W. Gordon to the vacancy in the Clerkship of the Supreme Court, caused by the death of Mr. Royse.

The total value of the petroleum exported during the month of May of this year was $3,301,155, against $1,374,515 worth exported in May, 1880.

Frank Lafleseche, the Indian brother of Bright Eyes, went on duty in the office of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs as a copyists at $900 per annum.

Joseph Kline, of Canton, O., found guilty of murder in the second degree for poisoning his father, has been sentenced to the penitentiary for life.

It is said that the Czar will commute the sentence of Hessy Helfman, the woman condemned to death for complicity in the murder of the late Czar.

The American navy is not large, but it is large enough to furnish 60 officers, with their families, on Summer duty at that seat of arduous naval labors, Newport.

One hundred and thirty-nine millions of tickets were used on the French railways during 1880. One out of every 7,960,000 of passengers was killed by accident.

George Murray, switchman in the Union Depot yards, St. Louis, was run over by an engine Sunday, and received injuries which resulted in death in two hours.

A Berlin dispatch says: Bismarck has made a demand upon the Porte to refund the ransom money recently paid to Roumelian brigands for the release of two captive Germans.

Kossuth will finish the third volume of his memoirs, and will write no more. He has material to extend the work to 20 volumes, but he will leave it for his sons to treat as they think best.

Prince Alexander has returned to Sofia. He was enthusiastically received by an immense crowd. Houses were decorated with flags, and the town brilliantly illuminated in the evening.

There is a revival in the iron trade, the only drawback to the out put being the excessive heat, which is beyond the laborers' endurance. Mills are sold six months ahead for steel and three on iron.

Ex-Senator Thurman writes from Paris that he will remain in Europe some time after the recess of the conference, which takes place directly, and that he and Mrs. Thurman may remain abroad until next spring.

After two years' labor the fire in Stanton shaft, Wilkesberre, Pa., has been subdued. The work of repairing the immense destruction caused by the water and flames is now being vigorously pushed forward.

A telegram from Portland, Oregon, says that Bishop E. O. Haven, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is lying quite ill at the residence of Rev. J. N. Dennison, in Salem, that State, with bilious intermittent fever.

Eleven convicts in the Penitentiary at Anamosa, Iowa, made a dash for liberty, on Saturday. Thomas, of Iowa City, was fatally shot; Winters was pinked in the hand Jester in the arm. Only four of the squad got away from the guard.

Mrs. Emma Curtiss, of Wood County, was arrested at the instance of the Third Farmers' Bank of Findlay, charged with selling a forged note drawn on John Mercer for $900. She is the wife of a reputable farmer, and her arrest occasions considerable comment.

The military force concentrated at Sistova for the sitting of the National Assembly consisted of 7,000 troops with 24 pieces of artillery. Prince Alexander preferred residing aboard a gunboat on the Danube to living in town. The former Bulgarian Ministers have taken refuge at Giurgevo.

The injunction of Stewart against Simmons and Dickinson, which Chancellor Edwards dissolved, has been reinstated by Judge Hines, of the Kentucky Court of Appeals. This perpetually enjoins Simmons and Dickinson from drawing the Kentucky State Lottery, and closes their business under the Kentucky law.

Two road agents stopped a Japanese, traveling with a team from Black Range towards Tombstone, Arizonia, robbed and tied him to a tree, then rode off with his team. The Japanese escaped and notified the authorities of Socorro County. On the 10th inst, the Sheriff's posse surprised and killed both robbers, near Eagle Station. One robber was wounded 15 times.

Arrangements have been made to restore the Erie & Boston Line of Pullman sleeping coaches between Boston and Cincinnati via the Fitchburg & Boston, Hoosac Tunnel & Western Railroad, the Delaware & Hudson (Albany & Susquehanna Railway), and the Erie Railway and the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio Railroad. The train will leave Boston at 8 P. M., daily, and arrive in Boston at 2:45 P. M., daily.

Beaconsfield's estate, after all debts are paid, foots up about £60,000.

The Pullman car company at Chicago has 3,175 men on its pay roll.

Fire at Oakland, California, damaged property to the extent of $25,000.

There are now 200 persons imprisoned in Ireland under the coercion act.

Chicago Clearing House returns for last week amounted to $41,881,155.16.

The comet discovered at Ann Arbor by Schaerberle has been seen from Vienna.

Mormon missionaries have established a branch of the Latter-Day Saints in the Quaker City.

Hastings, Neb., was visited by a disastrous fire Saturday afternoon, involving a loss of $60,000.

The Hon. Warner Miller, Senator-elect from New York, has business interests in Chicago.

A West Virginia man has patented a postal card with a pocket attachment to inclose a stamp for reply.

Edwin Booth, the eminent actor, is about to prosecute the publishers of the Dramatic News for libel.

Uzziel Putnam, of Paksgon, Mich., the first white man who settled in Cass County, passed away at the age of 88.

A farmer near Albany, Ind., named Frederick Stoner, having been sued for $5,000 for libel, hanged himself in his barn.

Montreal ship owners have resolved not to employ any longshoremen who would not sign a contract to renounce the union.

Sheriff Timberlake, of Kansas City, is out with 20 men after the train robbers. It is thought the latter divided near Lawson, aiming for Clay County.

The comet created great consternation in Mexico, and churches are still crowded with frightened people praying to be delivered from its dire influence.

Numbers of farm laborers in County Cork have struck for higher wages, and are marching through the County, forcing others to unite in the strike.

M. Judd Scott, a prominent merchant of Desoto Parish, La., was murdered Saturday night and his store robbed. Two negros have been arrested.

"It is reported," says the Cincinnati Gazette, "that Mr. Vanderbilt will devote to benevolent objects all of "Maud S.'s" earnings on the turf this season."

California has on hand the largest amount of wheat ever carried over, it being placed by the San Francisco Produce Exchange in excess of 12,000,000 centals.

It now appears that the insurance on the life of Robert Bell, the decrepit colored man who died at Westminster, Maryland, the other day, amounts to $1,000,000.

Pension Commissioner Dudley urges that Guiteau be tried for high treason, as no court would overrule his conviction therefor, and a healthy precedent would be established.

Michael Hazelton, for nine years private servant to Adam Forepaugh, was killed in an altercation at Dubuque, on Saturday evening by Wm. Clark, a constable, who was intoxicated.

Assistant Secretary of State Blaine is at Gloucester, Mass., paying out the money received from Great Britain on account of unlawful interference with the American fishing flat at Newfoundland.

Plagiarism has met with punishment in the case of William A. Mestayer, an actor, who produced in Boston, after an injunction had been obtained, a play which he had stolen. He has been fined $1,481.

A fire in Hayden's shops, in the Ohio penitentiary, caused a loss of $2,000; fully insured. During the fire George B. Davis, a guard from Morgan County, was prostrated by the heat, and is in a dangerous condition. Others suffered prostration, but are not serious.

Denver has a population of less than 50,000, but it includes six men who are worth from $1,000,000 to $5,000,000 each, 20 who are worth $500,000, and 200 who represent $250,000 in their own right. Denver has, besides its batch of rich men, six widows whose combined fortunes aggregate $3,000,000.

An office boy in Philadelphia, seven years of age, while walking along Marshall street, was seized by three men, who sprang out of a covered wagon. They enveloped him in a blanket, flung him into the vehicle, and were driving off when he leaped out. The villains were captured, and prove to be noted criminals.

The American Ministers at Buenos Ayres and at Sateago, Chili, have overcome all differences attending the settlement of the boundary question between Chili and the Argentine Republic. The two Governments have agreed to finish the settlement by treaty, without arbitration. The majority in both the Chili and Argentine Congress will support the treaty.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ANXIETY ABOUT GOLD.

LONDON, July 18.—The Economist this week says: "The unliquidated trade balance due the United States is nearly sixteen and one-half millions greater than a year ago, or rather the apparent balance, as there is no means of knowing to what extent payment may have been made in securities. To all appearance, however, the power of the United States to take gold from Europe is much greater than it was a year ago. The need of gold, however, now that the currency is finally established on a gold basis, is less, and it appears probable that payment for a large portion of her trade must be taken in goods. With Italy in the market for gold, the action of America in this matter is vitally important, and will be watched closely and anxiously."

DEAN STANLEY DEAD.

LONDON, July 19.—Dean Stanley is dead. The Archbishop of Canterbury arrived at the deanery of Westminster just in time to speak a few words to Dean Stanley before the latter became unconscious. The Dean will be buried beside his wife in Westminster Abbey.

Dean Stanley's sister, Canons Farrar and Jones and several members of the Dean's household were present at his death bed. He remained for some time in a semi conscious condition until he died.

The News says no living divine would be more deeply regretted or more widely missed than is Dean Stanley.

The illness of the Dean was caused by a chill the 7th inst.

The Governor of Texas and the Proposed Thanksgiving.

COLUMBUS, July 19.—The Governor of Texas is the last to respond to the request of Governor Foster to have a day of thanksgiving and jubilee for the recovery of the President. He sends the following:

My failure to answer you favorably is not on account of any want of sympathy for the President, but because I do not deem it consistent with my position as Governor to issue a proclamation directing religious services where Church and State are, and ought to be, kept separate in their functions. I doubt not the people of Texas have as strongly wished, as well as devotedly prayed, for the recovery of the President as any people in the United States.

A. M. ROBERTS, Governor.

The President's Mother.

SELON, O., July 19.—The condition of the President's mother is greatly improved since Saturday. She is now to all appearances out of danger. The cooler weather has been of much service to her, but as she remarked to-day, "With such good news from Washington I must get well." She manifests a brave determination to keep up, and has implicit faith in the President's final recovery.

The Grasshoppers.

DULUTH, Minn., July 19.—It is reported the grasshoppers have appeared out on the Dacota prairies, and that the wheat is threatened. No very reliable information or confirmation of the rumor has yet reached here, but it is probable that the great pest has made its appearance.

MINNESOTA STORM.

The Town of New Ulm, on the Minnesota River, Wrecked by a Cyclone.

The Path of the Tornado Through the Valley Marked by Death and Destruction.

ST. PAUL, MINN., July 16.—The town of New Ulm, situated on the Minnesota River, some 65 miles from St. Paul, and containing about 3,500 people, was wrecked by a cyclone late yesterday afternoon. The wires went down in the common ruin, and only meager details can be given. It seems that two currents of air swept the valley simultaneously, coming from different directions. The scene was appalling, stone and brick buildings were raised from their foundations, and the air was full of debris. The town and its suburbs are now a mass of ruins.

West Newton, in the neighboring County of Nicolet, was visited, and a family of three were killed. Their names could not be learned.

The following is an imperfect list of the killed and wounded in the ill-fated valley: The killed in New Ulm are Mr. Eckert and a 12-year old son, and the little son of Mr. Eckey. Laura Wright, aged 11 years, was found on the prairie decapitated. The head has not yet been found. Also a son of Mr. Warner, aged 14 years. They were the only bodies found.

The killed in the town of Severance, near by: Martin Frank, Joseph Killubs, wife and three children, one child badly wounded, the sole survivor of the family.

At West Newton, a child of Mr. Loomis, and an old gentleman, name not known, who was found with his arms clasped around a tree.

Wounded in New Ulm: John Palmquiest, Mr. Luesch, wife and child, probably fatal; B. Fiedeler, seriously, probably fatal; J. Kuntz, arm and leg broken and cut; Geo. Fogel and wife, seriously; Carl Krubel, M. Reits, Jacob Miller, leg broken; Mr. Warner, and wife, seriously; Mr. Nelson, slightly; Wm Sharpans, internally, very serious; I. Schuelenger, badly cut by glass.

Town of Milford: J. Pfeffer, seriously; three persons, not yet ascertained. The country is peopled almost wholly by Germans, 49 of whom were in Minneapolis at the time attending the Turnfest, and none of them knew of the catastrophe until to-day, when all left immediately for their ruined homes with no knowledge as to whether they would find family, friends or property.

ST. PAUL, Minn., July 16.—A Pioneer special via St. Peter says the track of the cyclone was a scene of awful grandeur during the storm, and an appalling wreck after it. While the troubled air was full of debris and weirdly lit up by blazing balls of electric fluid. Everybody is wild with excitement, and it is almost impossible to secure a correct statement of the catastrophe, or the damage done. The following is a partial list: Reisling, Kellar & Co's store, Brown County Bank, B and E. C. Rebbenke, J. Boelleter's drug store, post-office, C Sommers' store, Citizens' National Bank, C. Wagner's store, Dakota House, Dr. Wellhekes' drug store and dwelling, Wiedman & Schrsm's store, P. Grose, stable, A. Keisling's blacksmith shop, three schoolhouses. Col. P. T. Ander's residence, M Smutten's hardware store and livery stable and five threshing machines, Leinhauser's residence, Union Hall and F. Haernsderph's are a complete wreck, and the building all overflowed with water. Andrew Smith's residence, C. Berry's residence, Graff's brick house and C. W. Krock's store were almost complete wrecks. Cogel's house and shop totally destroyed, G Vogle's saloon carried away, a wagon shop and residence completely destroyed, Kvalsoff's hardware store a complete wreck, Epple's splendid brick a complete wreck, and Brock's wagon factory a complete wreck.

A committee called on Gov. Pillsbury this evening to solicit State aid, and were assured that everything in the power of the Executive should be done for the suffering people.

ST. PAUL, July 18.—The Pioneer Press last night received the following special from New Ulm, via Mankato: "The people of New Ulm are organized for the work that is before them, and will be prepared to commence the rebuilding of their city to-day. Workmen from St Paul, St. Peter and Mankato are on hand, and things are beginning to assume some system. The Governor's Guards are on duty, protecting property. Large crowds visited the scene of the dissster yesterday, and a special train from Redwood Falls was run."

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

The Story of the Supposed Italian Bandit.

NEW YORK, July 16.—Vincense Rebello, arrested in New Orleans and brought here by private detectives (who allege that Rebello is the notorious Italian bandit Esposito), told his story to-day to a reporter. Rebello said: "I was born in Massenni, Sicily, in 1843. My parents owned a small farm on the outskirts of the city. There I worked as a farmer. I first heard of America from letters of those who had gone there. They often sent home money and presents. This first suggested to my mind the idea of emigration. I left Italy in 1876 and came to New Orleans, where I went into the fruit commission business in a small way. I used to sell fruit to steamships, most of which I bought from luggers along the coast. I never owned a boat, although I occasionally took short trips in search of good stock. I tried to do right by everybody and among my countrymen had a good many friends. That was my position when one morning, as I was standing by my stand near Jackson Square, I was suddenly seized from behind by three men. I was bound and hurried into a carriage waiting around the corner. My fruit and stand were as I left them, and none of my friends heard of my capture. All day long I was driven around and was not even taken before the authorities. I had some money and papers with me. These I was deprived of and I have not received them back again. I knew no more until I was on board the vessel. I never heard of the man I am taken for, and there are dozens of people in New Orleans who could identify me beyond question." The keeper of Ludlow street jail, in which Rebello is confined, says: "This is a case of mistaken identity. I don't believe this man has brains to plot or courage to execute the crime with which this Italian bandit is charged. He is one of the most inoffensive and timidly nervous men in jail at the present moment."

KILLED BY PRESCRIPTION.

A Drug Clerk's Mistake Causes the the Death of a Child.

NEW YORK, July 16.—Notice was received at the Coroner's office yesterday that Babette Louisa Kirchner, a child six months old, the daughter of Christian Kirchner, residing at No. 279 Avenue A, had died from an overdose of opium.

On inquiry it was learned that the child had been ill from marasmus and cholera infantum. The attending physician was Dr. F. F. Joyce of No. 211 East 31st street. On Monday morning the physician prescribed for the child. The prescription was to have been divided into seven doses. It was taken to McDonough's drug store, at the corner of 15th street and Avenue A, where it was made up by the clerk, John O'Neil. Instead of dividing the prescription into seven parts, the clerk put it up in two parts. It was given to the child, who died from its effects. O'Neill was admitted to $1 000 bail by Coroner Herrman, who has charge of the case.

A dispatch from Tunis announces that a large body of Arab horsemen audaciously carried away a large number of camels belonging to the Bey, from a farm close to Tunis.

THE GAL OWS.

Execution of Two Missouri Desperados, Who are Sure of Going to Heaven.

An Arkansas Criminal Dies Fighting and Cursing the Sheriff.

ST. LOUIS, July 15.—The Republican's special from Sikestown, Mo., says Frank Brown and Jesse Myers, the last of a gang of five desperadoes who carried on robbery and murder with a high hand in New Madrid County last Winter and during the Spring, were hanged at New Madrid this afternoon. This morning they received holy communion at the hands of Father Connelly, after which both expressed a firm belief that they would go direct from the scaffold to heaven. Waters, accompanied by his brother, Dr. L. H. Waters, went to the jail and soon reappeared, Brown walking with the Sheriff, and Myers with the Doctor. The culprits ascended the gallows with a firm step, and when asked by the Sheriff if they had anything to say, Brown made a few remarks of no moment on the scaffold. His death was without special incident. Fully 5,000 people from all parts of the surrounding country were present, and perfect quiet was preserved during the execution.

Brown and Myers belonged to a gang of five men, who, early last May, attempted to kill William Knox, but in doing so shot and wounded a man named Coleman and killed an infant in Coleman's arms. In an attempt to arrest the gang for this act they shot and killed a man named Charles Laford, one of the Sheriff's posse. They were then hunted through New Madrid and Wayne counties, several hundred citizens joining the chase, during which Sheriff James, of Wayne County, and County Collector Holton, were dangerously wounded by them.

A day or two afterwards James Hamilton, another of the band, was killed, and Myers severely wounded and captured by a party of citizens under Capt. Leeper, and next day Brown was arrested. In just two months and three days from the time these men made this assault on Coleman they were captured, tried and hanged.

A HARDENED WRETCH.

LITTLE ROCK, July 15.—Willis Reeves was hanged to-day at Vanburen, Ark., for the murder of a negro boy. He had determined not to be hung, and when his hands were tied on the scaffold he made a desperate struggle to burst the knot. He threw the Sheriff through the trap-door and was about to spring upon the bayonets of the guards when he was caught. When the trap was sprung he fell to the ground, the rope being too long. He was hitled through the trap and the rope shortened, he meanwhile cursing the Sheriff for cruelty. The second drop was successful.

THE WILLIAMS BROTHERS

The Outlaws Surrounded and Their Immediate Capture Very Probable.

Though Both are Wounded, They Say They Won't be Taken Alive.

ST. PAUL, Minn., July 14.—A dispatch from Baldwin says the Williams brothers were surrounded in the Eau Galle woods last night, and it is expected their capture or death will be effected to-night. The Williamses had been seen, and men closely followed. One of the brothers had been shot in the hand and face, and the other was shot in the leg, but was carrying the arms of his brother. He is reported to have said they would never be taken alive, as he would shoot his brother and then shoot himself. A woman saw the one who is shot in the face, and said he was crying.

A Menominee dispatch says the pursuers are being constantly reinforced by woodsmen and old soldiers from all parts of that country, and several hundred men are now on the trail. The two surviving brothers of the Colemans are among the leaders, and say they will never give up until the outlaws are caught. It is said the Eau Galle wood has been for a long time the rendezvous for thieves and desperados and that no doubt exists that the Williamses are hid away by some of the rough characters who are familiar with the locality. The excitement runs high, and, no doubt, if the murderers are caught alive, they will meet Judge Lynch soon after.

EU CLAIRE Wis, July 14.—A messenger arrived here this evening from near the headquarters of the bloodthirsty Williams boys, who murdered the Sheriffs of Pepin and Dunn counties Sunday night. He reports the murderers in the big woods, five miles from the scene of the tragedy, which is surrounded by 150 well-armed men. Evidences show there is the place they are concealed, armed with Winchester rifles and revolvers, but the rascals are bent on dying game if they are compelled to surrender. The guards will be largely reinforced to-night. The country is excited for 20 miles around, which has not been lulled since the commitment of the dead.

NIAGARA'S VICTIMS.

The Bodies of Mrs. Stewart and Dr. Howie—Supposed Suicides.

NIAGARA FALLS, July 18.—One of the most complicated suicides that Niagara has ever chronicled has come to light through the finding of the body of Dr. E. R. Howie, a prominent physician of Silver Creek, N. Y., which was seen floating in the river in front of the American falls, and secured by Guide Conroy and Ferryman McClay, who anchored it in the same spot where Mrs. Sadie Stewart's body was yesterday. The doctor's body was very much disfigured and was perfectly destitute of clothing, except a black silk necktie. Dr. Cameron examined it, and his opinion is the same as that experienced in reference to Mrs. Stewart, that the body had been in the water four or five days. The legs and arms were broken, and the head, hips and side badly cut, all the wounds having been received after death. The body was readily identified by A. Max. Aaronberg, of Niagara Falls, he and the doctor having been friends and brother Masons belonging to the same lodge.

The most remarkable part of the tragedy, from information gained, is that Dr. Howie and Mrs. Sadie Stewart were seen at Niagara Falls together July 7, the last time they were seen alive. Undoubtedly they both met their fate in the rapids, from the same spot on the rapids road, and were carried over the American falls, Mrs. Stewart's body being recovered yesterday, and Dr. Howie's to-day, in the same preservation and in the same place, closely connects these facts. Chief of Police Doyle telegraphed to the doctor's wife, and she with her friends arrived this evening. She told Chief Doyle that just before her husband left home he said he was going to take a step that would never be recalled, and if his body was found he wished it to be buried in the States. The following day it was missing. These two bodies are the first known to have been found that ever came over the American falls. Those that have come over the Horseshoe falls have, with very few exceptions, been recovered.

Coroner Cornell and a jury will hold an inquest next Wednesday, when no doubt further delopments in the case will come to light. The friends of the deceased have been interviewed, but they decline to give any information in reference to the deceased parties.

Dr. Hunter, of Chicago,

Has just published a book telling us how to prevent Consumption, what to do to Cure Throat and Lungs when diseased and in what way patients in the country can be successfully treated by inhalation. Price 25c. Address Dr. Robert Hunter, 103 State street, Chicago, Ill.

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

TOLEDO, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, July 20, 1881.

Money in New York during the past week at 3@3½ per cent. Time loans were made at 4@5 per cent., and the prime commercial paper passed at 4@4½ per cent. The foreign exchange market was characterized by dullness. Actual business was done in a small way at $4.86 for long and $4 84 for short sterling. The dealings in Government bonds within the week were only for small amounts, and prices were a small fraction irregular. State bonds were dull most of the time, the feature of the market being the advance in Tennessees. Railroad bonds in fair demand but irregular. Stock speculation during the week was irregular and spasmodic, and the tendency was toward lower prices. The cutting of rates by the trunk lines on both east and west bound freight, and the continued disagreement relative to passenger rates, as well as unfavorable reports regarding the crops, tended to create dullness and depression.

To-day's reports up to latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is loaning at 3@3½ per cent. Prime mercantile paper at 3@4 per cent. Bar silver, 111⅛c. Exchange steady; actual business, $4.84 for long and $4.86 for sight. Government Bonds quiet and generally steady. State Bonds dull. Railroad Bonds weak, on light business. Stocks after 11 o'clock—Speculation became irregular, but subsequently a firmer tone prevailed, and at noon prices showed a recovery of ¼@1¾ per cent., the latter for St. Paul.

Government bonds—U. S., 6's extended, 102½; U. S. 5's extended, 101¾; 4½'s coupons, 114⅝ 4's, coupons, 116⅝; Pacific 6s of 95, 130 bid.

STATE STOCKS.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thr	Frid	Sat
Old Tennessee's	74½	73½	76	75½	75	75
New Tennessee's	74½	75	76	76	75½	75½
Old Virginia's	38	34	35	35	38	38
Va. con. 6s, pd'd	18	16½	17¾	17	18	17¾
Missouri 6's	111	112	112	112	113	112
Louisiana 7½'s	65	64	65¾	65¼	67	65

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thrs	Frid	Sat
U. S. 6's extend.	102¼	102¼	102¼	102¼	102¼	102¼
U. S. 5's, extend	102¼	102¼	101¾	102¼	102¼	101¾
U. S. 4½'s, coup	114⅝	114⅝	114⅝	114⅝	114⅝	114⅝
U. S. 4's, coup.	116⅝	116⅝	116⅝	116⅝	116⅝	116⅝
Sterling, sight	486	486	486¼	486¼	486	486
Sterling, 60 days	484	484	484	484	484	484
Pacific 6's of '95	130	130	130	130	130	130

The statement of the Associated banks of New York for the week is as follows:

Loans, decrease	$4,112,400
Specie, increase	4,218,400
Legal tenders, increase	474,400
Deposits, increase	1,356,500
Circulation, increase	32,100
Reserve, increase	4,693,575
Surplus reserve, decrease	2,203,735

The Banks now hold $11,203,735 in excess of legal requirements.

The United States Treasurer now holds United States bonds to secure bank circulation, $500,779,400. United States bonds deposited during the week, $18,922,900. United States bonds withdrawn during the week, $12,614,100. National bank circulation outstanding: Currency notes, $333,298,093; gold notes, $1,087,695. The customs receipts at Washington on Monday amounted to $582,936, and the internal revenue receipts to $381,679. The Treasurer received $165,600 in National bank notes for redemption; the total of such receipts for the week, compared with the same week of 1880, being as follows:

	1880.	1881.
New York	$ 551,000	$ 500,000
Boston	80,000	80,000
Philadelphia	120,000	150,000
Miscellaneous	416,000	610,000
Total	$1,172,000	$1,340,000

Business throughout the country during the past week was somewhat slow, as was anticipated. The grain movement to lake ports has been considerable below last year for a corresponding period, but as the harvest has been somewhat later the active trade in grain is expected at an early date. Lake shipping in consequence has been dull. The unfavorable crop reports have caused some apprehension that business may be affected, but so far as can be judged, there will be no check to our business prosperity from this cause. There is plenty of money in the country with which to do business, and while our exports of wheat will be less than last year, they will yet be sufficient to bring a large amount of money from Europe. There is a disposition among capitalists to invest, and it is safe to say that during the remaining months of the year activity will be witnessed on every hand.

While the value ($9,276,721) of the merchandise imported into New York last week is $1,981,583 greater than the value of the preceding week, and only $711,668 less than for the corresponding week of 1880, the value ($6,380,821) of the exports for the week ended last Tuesday was $758,026 less than for the preceding week, and $1,867,837 less than for the same week of 1880. The imports of specie last week amounted to $186,574, making a total since January 1 of $30,498,372, against $4,699,408 to the same date in 1880, and the exports of specie from January 1 to date amount to $6,354,697, against $4,943,758 for the same time last year.

DRY GOODS.

The market throughout the country during the week just closed has presented no new feature worthy of note. Business has moved along quietly and in a moderate way, and in some departments has not been so active as on the preceding one. As to the condition of the supplies and prices of both cottons and woolens, the market is without particular change, but continues steady and firm in tone, with the production of the best makes of the same well under the control of orders for future delivery. The paucity of the supply of desirable cottons and woolens with agents and the strong tone which inheres to the raw materials give assurance that selling values will not only be fairly held throughout the remainder of the season, but that in some styles and kinds of goods with a more active demand current, will likely be still further enhanced. The force of buyers in Eastern markets is being daily supplemented by fresh arrivals from the West and other parts of the Union. This indicates that in the coming week trade will doubtless be very active, simply because the influx of small jobbers and retailers of the country means business. They are in the market in quest of goods for the Fall season, and being aware of the scarcity of some kinds of the same in first hands and of the generally firm, upward tendency of prices, it is not at all likely that they will hold back to any extent in their purchases. For export the demand for cotton has been perceptibly improving, and the shipments of the past week to foreign ports show a very appreciable increase. A very important feature of the week has been the opening of several makes of new styles of Fall prints. In woolens the duplication of orders has been on the increase, while personal selections have been uniformly light and quiet. The outlook for the season, in all directions, seems exceedingly encouraging, and an active and prosperous trade is anticipated.

WOOL.

The Wool Circular of Gray, Dewey, Gould & Co., Boston, says of the wool market: In our rounds among the wool trade the past week we were impressed with the quiet tone which very generally prevailed, but were surprised in finding that the aggregate sales were 2,577,000 lbs, or some 287,000 lbs more than last week, and a good average business. There is no mistake, however, about the comparatively quiet tone of the market for some days past, particularly for washed fleeces. The interior markets keep up the same firm tone previously noticed. A large portion of the clip has already passed into the hands of dealers and manufacturers, and present prices on the seaboard scarcely pay cost, in fact would not pay cost if purchases were made at the prices now asked for the balance of the clip in Ohio and Pennsylvania. Buyers have for the most part withdrawn from the interior, although we still hear of purchases in Pennsylvania as high as 40c for fine wools, which price is certainly not warranted by the present state of the market. The foreign advices are of the most favorable character, particularly for clothing wools, and on the whole the outlook is favorable for a firm and heal